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THE

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DECEMBER, 1843.

EDUCATION IN ROME.

Reminiscences of Rome: or a Religious, Moral, and Literary View of the Eternal City, in a series of Letters, addressed to a Friend in England. By a Member of the Arcadian Academy. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1840.

"Mother of arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide.
Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven."

In something of a prophetic spirit, thus sang the noble author of "Childe Harold," some thirty years ago. Since that day such a change as is here shadowed forth, has come over the spirit of the age. A progressive and deepening interest is evinced for all that regards the eternal city, and the high destinies that hang round her name and history. We have heard one of the latest and most interesting of English travellers exclaiming with solemn enthusiasm: "Behold! all hearts are turned towards Rome,—all eyes fixed upon her in love, hope, fear, and inquiry. Long has her mysterious character been seen. Men could not feel indifference towards her, as towards a common city, but either fond love or bitter hatred has been her portion from every one who cared for the cross at all," &c. And again: "Rome is the legitimate capital of Christendom. She has been a marvellously fruitful mother, with an almost miraculous fecundity in planting churches; and the curious diligence of antiquarians cannot alter the fact, that all we of the west, at least, are her children."

Of late years, the press has teemed with works upon Rome; but the writers have generally been content with describing the antiquities and more modern works of art in which this capital is so rich. The more immediate object of the work before us is to make us acquainted with its religious monuments,—those numerous and munificent institutions of charity and of education, in which no other city so abounds, though, unlike other cities, Rome has had but few chroniclers to record her charities. Indeed, to borrow the words of a powerful writer, "we cannot understand how traveller should succeed traveller, and tour struggle in the press with tour for primogeniture of publication, and yet all should invariably overlook this new and virgin field, which, to one acquainted with the country, forms its prominent and distinguishing characteristic."*

We will begin with the establishments for education. More than three centuries

* Dublin Review, for July, 1836.

ago, one of the most remarkable men of his age, but accused of no undue bias to the popedom, has the following words, in a letter to a friend: "Aliis alia patria, sed ROMA communis omnium litteratorum est patria, altrix et evectrix." "Of the learned, some claim one country, some another, but ROME is the motherland of them all; their common patron, their common promoter." By anticatholic writers, the capital of the Christian world is not unfrequently described as the foster-nurse of ignorance and of that priestcraft which seeks to crush knowledge in its birth; but we trust that the following brief review of some of her numerous institutions for the furtherance of education, from the pen of one who, from his familiar acquaintance with the subject, is qualified to give an opinion, will show that Rome still merits the eulogium which we quoted above, and which she merited from the great Erasmus, more than three hundred years ago.

"The number of universities within the papal territory has been reduced to seven. Of these, however, I purpose calling your attention only to the two existing within the walls of the Roman metropolis. The first in rank is the Archiginnasio Romano, or as it is more commonly called, L'Università della Sapienza. Its latter denomination is taken from the sentence of the Psalmist inscribed over the door—"*Initium sapientiæ timor Domini.*" (The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.) The precise date of the foundation of this university is not known with any degree of certainty. Some trace its origin to a period antecedent to the fall of the Roman empire, and maintain that it continued a flourishing nursery for learning till the invasion of the Goths and the other barbarians. Be this as it may, it appears beyond a doubt, that, on the site of the present establishment, schools of public instruction were opened by St. Gregory the Great, as early as the seventh century. Schools for the study of law were also founded here in the fourteenth century, by Popes Innocent IV and Boniface VIII. The last named pontiff was himself one of the greatest canonists and most learned jurisconsult of his age. In the year 1311, Clement V established professorships of Hebrew, Greek, Arabic and Syriac. Still later, fresh privileges and additional revenues were conferred upon this establishment by that great patron of learning and the arts, Leo X.

'But see! each muse in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her withered bays;
Rome's ancient genius o'er the ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears its reverend head:
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive—
Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live—
With sweeter notes each rising temple rang,
A Raphael painted and a Vida sang!'—*Pope.*

"Under the auspices of this munificent patron of literature, commenced the rebuilding of the present university, which was continued by Sixtus V, Urban VIII, and Alexander VII. During the pontificate of the last named, the Alexandrian Library was also completed. It fills the upper part of the building, and is for the use of the public at large, as well as the students of the university. The interior of the present stately pile, the design of Michael Angelo, is particularly admired.

"In regard to its educational economy, the Sapienza is divided into five faculties, the direction of which is confided to a committee, under the presidentship of a cardinal, with the title of archchancellor of the university. Part of this foundation is also appropriated to the 'Academia di San Luca, where gratuitous lectures in drawing, sculpture, architecture, &c., are given by professors of merit, paid by the Roman government. The commencement and close of every lecture is sanctified by prayer; and it is moreover the custom of all the members to assemble during three days, for the purpose of worthily preparing themselves for their Easter duties. Well arranged museums of natural history, with lecture rooms for physical and chemical experiments, are attached to the university.

"Next to the Sapienza our attention is called to the Gregorian University, or as it is more commonly called, 'Il Collegio Romano." This noble establishment was founded in 1582 by Pope Gregory XIII, one of the greatest promoters of education of whom modern times can boast. Besides

this university, he also founded the English, German, Greek, and Maronite colleges in Rome, not to mention eighteen other universities established under his auspices in different parts of the world. In the Roman college all the liberal arts are taught, except civil law, medicine, and surgery, in which faculties the Sapienza has the exclusive privilege of conferring degrees. It must, however, be acknowledged that the schools of the Roman College being solely directed by the Jesuits, who know so well how to combine zeal for science with piety to God, are more conspicuous for religious instruction and devout example. Every day both masters and scholars proceed in a body to hear mass in the contiguous church of St. Ignatius; and on festival days the different pious sodalities, into which the students, according to their age, are divided, assemble in the various oratories set apart for the recital of the divine office, and other practices of devotion. On Sunday evenings, the younger catechetical students are instructed and examined in their religious and moral duties. One day, likewise, in every month, is set apart for a spiritual retreat. Three days also are annually devoted to spiritual exercises and meditations on the most important truths of religion, as a preparation for complying in a proper manner with the paschal precepts of the Church. The chamber in which St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the youthful and angelic patron of students, lived and died, in the Roman College, is now a sanctuary, resorted to by crowds of the pious of all ranks and ages. The body of the saint reposes in an urn, incrusted with gold, lapis lazuli, and other precious materials beneath an altar dedicated to his memory. On the 21st of June, his festival is annually solemnized with extraordinary pomp in the adjoining church of St. Ignatius.

"The papal government allots twelve thousand crowns a year to the support of the Roman college, wherein at present about fifteen hundred students receive a gratuitous education. The students, whether lay or clerical, patrician or plebeian, natives or foreigners, may publicly try their strength on the literary arena, and those who distinguish themselves are sure of meeting with encouragement and reward. In the list of successful competitors, some poor youth or orphan boy, wholly dependent perhaps on charity for his support, not unfrequently passes before the nephew of a cardinal or the son of a prince. Previously to the distribution of prizes, which annually occurs in the month of September, public examinations take place, during several days, in the great hall of the college, where any person may interrogate the students on the progress they have made. The distributor of prizes is usually selected from among the most exalted personages in the hierarchy. Within my own recollection, the present pope has, more than once, condescended publicly to award with his own hand, the usual scholastic premiums to the successful candidates.

"The library of the Roman college numbers sixty thousand volumes, and several rare and valuable manuscripts. It has also an observatory well fitted for astronomical purposes, where several important discoveries have been made, and among its directors the names of Boscovich, Jacquier, Calandrelli, and Conti hold a conspicuous place in the annals of modern science. It has also a well stored museum which was commenced by the celebrated antiquary and mathematician, Kircher.*

"The next place of education which claims our notice, is 'Il Seminario Romano,' which, in accordance with a decree of the council of Trent respecting the institution of diocesan seminaries, was founded by Pius IV, in 1565, solely for the education of clerical students. The course of studies here is not quite upon so extensive

* This extraordinary man was born in the year 1601. At the age of seventeen he entered the Society of Jesus. His incapacity and dulness were at first so apparent that his superiors were on the point of dismissing him from the novitiate. The young postulant, however, earnestly implored, and succeeded in obtaining the divine assistance to preserve him from the fate he dreaded. Afterwards he became the universal scholar of his age; and at his demise, in 1680, besides the museum which bears his name, Father Kircher left behind him his printed works in twenty-two volumes folio, as lasting monuments, not only of his taste and erudition, but also as an encouraging example of what may be achieved by ordinary abilities, with the aid of persevering industry and humble prayer.

a scale as in the universities. It comprises, however, all that is necessary for youth especially set apart for the service of the Church. The belles-lettres, mathematics, philosophy, theology, canon law, the oriental languages, and sacred archæology, are taught by able professors. The entire educational discipline is not, as formerly, in the hands of the Jesuits, but is now superintended by secular priests, who follow the rules laid down by St. Charles Borromeo for the government of similar institutions. The seminary schools are not exclusive to the resident alumni, as many aspirants to the sacred ministry dwell at home with their parents, and even the students of the English and other colleges attend them. This establishment being the diocesan seminary of Rome is obliged to furnish twelve clerks for the service of the Pope's cathedral, the Lateran basilica (St. Peter's). In return, the chapter contributes an annual pension towards the support of the seminary. Among its most distinguished éléves, the annals of the Roman seminary record the names of five Popes, Gregory XV, Clement IX, Innocent XII, and Clement XI; eighty cardinals, and several hundred bishops, besides a host of other dignitaries, celebrated for their learning and apostolic labors in the Church.

"To the Vatican Basilica is also attached the 'Seminario di San Pietro,' for clerical students, who, after their ordination, are provided with livings by the chapter."

The writer adds, "The discipline of the seminaries is certainly watchful and severe. The following remarks of an old English writer may, I think, justly apply to them. 'Foreign students,' says Dr. Patterson, 'are so orderly governed, and the seasons of study, devotion, scholastic exercise, and spiritual recreation; yea, even their necessary repast and rest, are all so exactly measured out; all occasion of idleness, excess, and ill-company, so prudently and carefully prevented, that it is no wonder they are so civil, devout, religious, temperate, sober, and well-governed in outward deportment, as, through the grace of God, they are. Though strictly kept to their tasks, they are rather won than forced to them. They are bridled with a hard bit; but it is carried with such a gentle hand, as not to gall, but guide them; so that their studies, blessed be God! are not altogether unhappy, so neither is their life unpleasant; but sweet, agreeable to virtuous minds, and full of the noblest contents.' Strict discipline has been found by experience, calculated to insure that innocency of life, so necessary towards an efficient discharge of the duties belonging to the clerical profession; and here, beneath the eye, as it were, of the Church's supreme pastor, it is fitting that youthful Levites should be practically, as well as theoretically initiated into those grand and solemn truths which they are destined to proclaim openly, by word and deed, to men living in a corrupt world.

"Annually, on Maunday Thursday, in imitation of our Saviour's example, the rector of the Roman seminary washes the feet of twelve of the students, drawn by lot. The '*apostoli*,' as these chosen ones are termed, are invited after the ceremony to an entertainment by the rector, who humbly waits upon them at table. On every occasion, in fine, it may be said that the affability and kindness of the superiors towards their pupils, without distinction of age or rank, cannot be too highly extolled."

The "Academia Ecclesiastica," is a collegiate community, founded by Innocent XII, exclusively for the purpose of finishing the education of those ecclesiastics of noble birth, who aspire to the prelacy. When admitted among the latter, they receive the title of Monsignore, either as domestic prelates, or as apostolical prothonotaries to his holiness. They then enter upon a judicial or diplomatic career; which, at its successful termination, according to the ordinary routine of court business, is rewarded with the dignity of cardinal, as the sovereign usually selects from among the prelatical colleges those whom he intends to prefer to the most important offices in Church and state.

"Il Collegio di Nobili" was once a community of one hundred noble youths, forming a part of the Roman seminary. When Leo XII, a few years ago, restored the direction of this university to the Jesuits, it

was on condition that they should re-establish the institute in question for the education of the lay aristocracy. Under such able masters, this nursery of learning, open exclusively to the scions of nobility, promises to revive its former honors and literary renown.

"Il Collegio Nazareno," so called from its founder, Cordinal Tonti, titular archbishop of Nazareth, is at present under the direction of the secular clergy. Independently of the alumni, several foreign pensioners are admitted into the establishment. This college has a fine library and museum.

"Il Collegio Capranica," was founded by the cardinal of that name, for the education of poor ecclesiastical students. This public spirited prelate converted his own palace into a collegiate establishment, and endowed it with revenues sufficient for the maintenance of thirty-two alumni. This interesting establishment is in a flourishing condition.

"Il Collegio Salviati," endowed by the cardinal of that name, for the purpose of enabling such orphans as give promise of superior capacity, to be instructed in the higher departments of knowledge, is now blended with the asylum for orphans.

"Il Collegio Pamphili," maintains a certain number of students, who, previously to being enrolled upon the list as alumni, must give proof of having been born on one or other of the feudatory estates of Prince Doria Pamphili. The jus patronatus of this institution belongs exclusively to this ancient and opulent family.

"Several other colleges which were suppressed at the revolution, have not been re-established, their endowments having fallen a prey to the rapacity and sacrilegious spirit of the time. The celebrated "Collegio Clementino," however, and the "Scuola Militare," founded by Clement VIII; the "Collegio Bandinelli," endowed by a Florentine baker, and the "Collegio Ghislieri," founded by a Roman physician in the seventeenth century, have recently been reorganized, and placed on a respectable footing.

"In all the principal monasteries, also, schools exist for the purpose of general instruction; we might particularise those of the regular canons of San Pietro in vinculis, of the Benedictines of San Calisto, and of the Theatines of San Andrea della Valle, where a liberal education is afforded to the children of the neighborhood.

"For the education of females there are numerous establishments in the nunneries of the city; those in especial repute are the Pia Casa, directed by the dames of the order of Oblates de Santa Francesca, the convent of the Augustinian sisters, the French nunnery at the Trinità di Monte, and the Dames du Sacré Cœur.

"The numerous infant or primary schools for children of both sexes, are superintended by pious sisters, termed Maestre Pie, and are wholly supported by funds from the Pope's almonry.

"In seven of the most populous quarters of the city are stationed as many large elementary schools which afford gratuitous education to about two thousand poor boys. These schools are principally directed by the society of Christian Brothers.

"The Scuole Regionarie, District schools, are sixty in number. They afford a genteel education to above two thousand children, who are expected to pay according to their means, from two to five shillings per month."

The following summary of the institutions which Rome contains for the diffusion of knowledge, may be relied on as correct.

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In the latter alone upwards of fourteen thousand poor children of both sexes, gratuitously receive the first rudiments of education.

The foregoing is a brief statement of the establishments in Rome for the education of the natives. We have reserved an account of the colleges founded there exclusively for the gratuitous instruction of for-

eigners, and more particularly the English, Irish, and Scotch, being desirous of grouping together these most interesting portions of our subject.

"Of these institutions, though not the most ancient, yet doubtless the most important is the "Collegio Urbano de Propaganda Fide," founded by Urban VIII, for the purpose of preparing missionaries *to propagate the faith* in those regions where heresy and infidelity prevail. To use the language of Clement XIV, this institution "may be justly regarded as the seminary of the universal Church,"—*jure ac merito tanquam seminarium Ecclesiæ universalis haberi debet.* It was erected in the year 1627, as was also the adjoining palace, wherein the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, composed of cardinals, prelates and divines, holds its meetings. Endowed with ample revenues, this truly apostolic congregation maintains an intercourse with every part of the known world. It maintains six schools in Egypt, four in Illyria, two in Albania, two in Transylvania, and two in the islands of the Archipelago, without taking into account various other Catholic educational establishments in Protestant countries. There are at present in this establishment about one hundred and thirty alumni of every tongue and nation. After being six months in the community each alumnus engages himself by a solemn vow to the service of the foreign missions. The ordinary term of education is ten years. When the alumni have completed their ecclesiastical course, and been ordained, some are furnished with means to return to their native country, where they are to labor to bring back their strayed brethren from the mazes of error to the fold of the "one Shepherd;" others are commissioned to carry the light of Gospel truth to benighted, or still unawakened nations, to plant the cross upon newly discovered lands, and peril life amidst barbarous tribes. Every missionary from the Propaganda is bound to give an account of himself to the secretary, once a year, if in Europe, or every two years, if stationed in any other part of the globe. He is further bound not to meddle with the temporal or political concerns of the people to whom he is sent, but to attend wholly to the salvation of souls confided to his care."

Annually a public exhibition is given of proficiency in about forty languages. This institution has recently been placed under the direction of the Jesuits. It has a large printing office with the types of forty different alphabets. Its library is rich in Polyglot literature, and oriental curiosities.

The Greek college, which has lately been re-opened, maintains about twelve students. It was founded by Gregory XIII, as early as the year 1577, and many of its alumni have distinguished themselves by their zeal and abilities in the cause of orthodox unity. Joseph Velamani, for instance, during his long apostolical career in Muscovy, Poland, and Lithuania, is said to have converted more than two millions of souls to the true faith. This college has also given two celebrated librarians to the vatican, Leo Allatius and Nicholas Alemanni, names second to none in the field of eastern learning.

The German and Hungarian colleges were founded by Gregory XIII, in 1573. Both of these establishments have sent forth a host of learned men and zealous missionaries.

Various British establishments have existed in Rome, with short interruptions, for upwards of a thousand years. Soon after their conversion to the true faith, our Anglo-Saxon ancestors conceived the provident idea of founding a nursery of learning near the fountain head of Christianity. During the persecution of the Catholics under Elizabeth, Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Allen established a clerical seminary for the education of priests to supply the English mission. The reigning pontiff, Gregory XIII, approved of the undertaking, and furthered it by a pension of twelve hundred crowns per annum. This resource, with donations from the charitable and wealthy, enabled the college at one time to support nearly two hundred students. In 1579, Pope Gregory XIII, gave a considerable estate on the Palatine hill, to increase the revenue of the new establishment. It consists of an extensive vineyard, which contains a portion of the ruins of the villa of Augustus.

There is something striking in the fact, that this abode of the Cæsar who despoiled Caractacus and his countrymen of their humble cottages in Britain, should, in the strange vicissitudes of human things, become the inheritance of their exiled descendants, in the sixteenth century. The Triclinium of the emperors of the world has been used as the refectory of meek and unambitious students. In the vestibule leading to it, I observed some interesting portraits, and in spite of the dust and cobwebs which now overshadow them, I was able to decipher the following names, S. Gregorius Angliæ Apostolus, S. Thomas Cantuariensis Archiepiscopus, Jacobus Tertius Rex Angliæ, Henricus Cardinalis Eboracencis. The painting, however, which more particularly attracted my attention, was one over the entrance of the chapel, representing a youth in the collegiate uniform, holding a scroll whereon was inscribed:—*O bone Jesu! ut convertas Angliam humillimè supplicat collegium Anglicanum de Urbe.* "O good Jesus! the English college de Urbe most humbly supplicates for the conversion of England." May not the pious prayer of the exiled youth of England of the sixteenth century, by God's grace, become available in the nineteenth? *Felix faustumque sit!*

"In 1680, under the auspices of Cardinal Howard the college was rebuilt and the church repaired. Upon the invasion of Rome by the French, the English students were ejected, and the college property confiscated; and at one time its desecrated halls served as the head-quarters of Murat and his soldiers. Soon after the return of Pius VII, in 1814, the college was restored to its original purpose. Doctor Gradwell was appointed rector, and it opened to ten students, who arrived from England, in 1819. At present it numbers upwards of thirty students.

"The Scotch college owed its foundation, in a great measure, to the zeal of Bishop Leslie, secretary to the unfortunate Mary of Scots, who also contributed to the good work. Afterwards Pope Paul V, and Urban VIII, became its munificent protectors. After falling into decay, in 1835, this establishment revived again under the auspices of the worthy Abbé Macpherson, and is now enabled to support thirty alumni."

The Irish have four scholastic establishments in Rome, that of San Sisto, granted in 1602, by Clement VIII, to the Dominican missionary students of the Irish province. About the year 1624, Gregory XV made a grant of the Church and Monastery of S. Isidoro to the Irish Franciscans. There are at present upwards of twenty students in this establishment. Its church and great hall contain some admired specimens of art, and the archives can boast of some important inedited manuscrips relative to Irish history, besides the annals of the order by the celebrated Father Wadding, in eighteen folio volumes. In 1628, a college for the education of the Irish secular clergy, was founded by Cardinal Ludovisi, nephew of Pope Gregory XV. Among other celebrated names recorded in the annals of this establishment, are those of Dr. Oliver Plunkett, archbishop of Armagh, who suffered martyrdom in England, in 1681; of Dr. Blake, the present bishop of Dromore; Dr. Lanigan, author of an Ecclesiastical History of Ireland; Dr. Charles O'Conner, compiler of the "Scriptores Rerum Hibernicarum," &c. and Dr. Clinch, author of Letters on Church government, and professor of Rhetoric at Maynooth. This, like the rest of the Hiberno Roman colleges, did not of course escape the grasp of the French revolutionary spoliation, and it was not till recently that the property was restored. The ancient premises being, however, found too small for the intended number of students, Pope Leo XII, with his characteristic munificence, granted them the use of a more spacious college. His holiness' brief of donation is dated the 17th of February, 1826, in virtue of which Dr. Blake (formerly alumnus of the old college, and at present bishop of Dromore, in Ireland), was appointed first rector of the new establishment. His lordship's successor was Dr. Boylan (since deceased), who was succeeded by Dr. Cullen, the present rector, who is also a professor in the propaganda. Under the presidency of the last named gentleman, owing to the continually increasing number of students (at present

more than sixty) they have been authorized by the reigning pope to exchange their too limited precincts for a more ample residence, comprising the ancient monastery and Church of Santa Agata dé Goti. "In the early part of 1837, not long after the Irish collegians had taken possession of their new quarters, his holiness, Gregory XVI, attended by Cardinal Fransoni, their patron, paid them a visit, and was received by the whole community, Dr. Brown, the present bishop of Kilmore, Dr. Higgins, now bishop of Ardagh, and the rector at their head. His holiness, after examining the alterations and improvements going forward on the premises, partook of some refreshments prepared for himself and his retenue. During his stay, which lasted upwards of two hours, the holy father conversed familiarly with the students, exhorting them to become strenuous laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, and worthy ornaments of the Irish church, so deservedly famed for its persevering fidelity to the see of Rome, the great centre of Catholic unity. A Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation, recording the gratitude of the collegians to his holiness, stands conspicuous in the college hall.

To GREGORY XVI, SUPREME PONTIFF, as a grateful memorial of his munificence in translating the Irish college from its former narrow limits to this more spacious and pleasant abode, whereby, imitating the example of Gregory the great, of blessed memory, he has rescued from neglect the temple of St. Agatha, virgin and martyr, and revived the ancient piety of the Roman people towards this illustrious saint, the president of the college has caused this inscription to be placed, in the year of our Lord, 1837.

We must not omit a portion of our author's tribute to the order of the Jesuits. He says: "Entering of late the chapel of the principal house of the society here, my attention was attracted by the following inscription:

SOCIETATEM. JESU.
Pius. Septimus. Pontifex. Maximus.
Urbi. et. Orbi. Restituit.
A. D. MDCCCXIX.

"Pius VII, the sovereign pontiff, restored to this city and to the world the Society of Jesus. A. D. MDCCCXIX."

Even so it is; "the advantages which the city of Rome, nay, which the whole world derives from these zealous laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, are incalculably great. In support of this assertion, I can adduce unexceptionable testimony. During a conversation which I had with the late general of the regular Clerici minori, he made the following candid avowal: 'The Jesuits do more good than all of us (the regular clergy) put together; for, generally speaking, we dedicate ourselves, in a special manner, to one particular good work, for instance, the Dominicans and Franciscans to preaching and theological studies, the ministering Clerks to the care of the sick; the Trinitarians to the redemption of captives; the Missionaries to the instruction of the country people, &c. But the Jesuits are foremost in every good action of public utility. They are found preaching in towns and villages; attending assiduously to the duties of the confessional and the administration of the sacraments; in visiting the sick in hospitals and prisons, besides attending to the main object of their institute, the education of youths.' This favorable view of the Jesuits, by a member of a different society, is valuable, considering that the religious orders not unfrequently look upon each other with more or less of a jealous eye; and are more apt to find fault, than to discover merit in their supposed rivals.

"What Lipsius said of the Medici—*Stirps ad promovendas bonas literas nata*, 'a progeny born to promote the belles-lettres,' may be more justly applied to the Jesuits. You should see what I have seen, and hear what I have heard at the Roman college, properly to appreciate their method of combining zeal for science with piety to God, in cultivating the minds of youthful students. The devout demeanor, and exemplary deportment as well of teachers as of scholars, are so edifying, that their modesty has become proverbial. To meet the young professors and novices, especially when walking from college to church, is an affecting sight; and truly not a few of

these saintly youths seem to verify the saying of the pious and learned Cardinal Ugo, *Datum est hominibus ut fiant angeli.* (It is given to men to become angels.)

"On the 31st of July, the Jesuits celebrate the festival of their illustrious founder, with all the magnificence of old. The chapel of St. Ignatius, as well as the whole sacred edifice of which it forms a part, may vie in costliness and splendor with the richest in Rome. The saint's body is preserved beneath the altar in an urn of bronze gilt, and richly adorned with gems and precious stones. Annually also, the apartments in the adjoining convent, in which St. Ignatius lived and died, are opened to the public on his festival day. Over the door of the saint's room, which has been converted into an oratory, are six Latin inscriptions which in English would run thus:

Here St. Ignatius died.

Here St. Philip Neri frequently visited St. Ignatius.

Here St. Francis Borgia fell asleep in the Lord.

Here St. Charles Borromeo offered up the holy sacrifice.

Here SS. Aloysius and Stanislaus made their vows to the Society.

Here St. Francis of Sales oftentimes came to pray.

Within this sanctuary are several interesting remains of the above mentioned holy men, such as portraits, autographs, &c. Here likewise may be seen some relics of the great Bellarmine, whose name sounded like *Bella-arma-minæ* in the ears of his Protestant antagonists, and with whom our pedantic James I entered the lists of polemic warfare. It was not, I must confess, without considerable emotion that I entered for the first time this sanctified abode of one of the greatest and wisest lawgivers, of which ancient or modern times can boast. The constitutions of the Society of Jesus breathe such a knowlege of mankind, such foresight, wisdom, and sanctity as may be looked for in vain among codes of merely human origin."

We must make room for one more extract. "At the extremity of Mons Cœlius stand the church and monastery of England's apostle, the great St. Gregory, whose cloistered dwelling is still visited as an object of veneration. Within these hallowed precincts Englishmen should enter with peculiar reverence; for if the British travellers undertake long journeys, and seek with avidity among unintelligible ruins for some mutilated statue, or fragment of a tomb, what interest should they not take in viewing the habitation of that venerable pontiff, who was so instrumental in communicating to their ancestors a knowlege of the true God? From this monastic seminary it was that thirteen centuries ago, Pope Gregory, not being able to fulfil the wish of his heart, to reduce our barbarous Pagan ancestors, the *toto divisos orbe Brittanos*, in subjugation to the yoke of Christ, and to execute the design in person, commissioned some of his disciples, with no other arms than the cross in one hand and the Gospel in the other. A marble tablet near the entrance of the church of St. Gregory records the names of the first apostolic missionaries: St. Augustine, first archbishop of Canterbury; St. Paulinus, first archbishop of York; Mellitus, first bishop of London; Justus, first bishop of Rochester, and several others of less fame.

"But what, I exclaimed, has become of the church which Gregory planted, Augustine watered, and God in his mercy so wonderfully increased? Alas! if we have wept over the material ruins of ancient Rome, surely the spiritual ruin of our native country is still more deserving of our tears! The dark clouds of heresy and schism have long obscured its comely features, and nearly three centuries of absurd prejudice and refined persecution have been employed, though in vain, to crush the faith of ages,—the faith which the Bedes, the Alcuins, the Alfreds, and the Edwards gloried to profess. But let the genius of another Gregory arise, and we may hope to see England return again to the one fold of the one Shepherd. The reigning pontiff, Gregory XVI, being himself an alumnus of this same monastery, seems to have inherited the spirit as well as the mouth of his holy predecessor, whose well-known exclamation upon seeing our captive coun-

trymen in the market-place of Rome, none, perhaps, more frequently repeat,—*Non Angli sed angeli, si fuerint Christiani;* 'not Angles but angels, were they but Christians.'

"Commercial or political prosperity is not the test of moral felicity among men, nor the criterion of a nation's acceptance in the eyes of Almighty God; for a people sated by pride or soured by discontent, are but little qualified to form a just estimate of their actual situation. In both of these predicaments Great Britain would seem to be at this moment. But ere England seeks for religious peace, or moral happiness in Catholic unity, she may have to pass through an ordeal of calamity, more trying than France, or more recently Spain has undergone. Adversity seems destined by the inscrutable laws of Providence, to be to nations as to individuals, the unerring school of more wholesome knowledge. This is a truth to which the history of every people has borne testimony. God grant, however, that England may be an exception to the general rule; and that, profiting by the awful experience of others, she may in time become wise unto salvation. For her attainment of this desired end, every pilgrim, on visiting the sanctuary of the apostle of England, should fervently pray that the efforts of his living successor in the chair of St. Peter for the reconversion of Britain, may be speedily crowned with success; and in the language of the prayer of the student on the Palatine, let his ejaculation be,—*O bone Jesu! ut convertas Angliam humillimè supplicat peregrinus Anglus in Urbe!* 'O good Jesus! the English pilgrim in the Eternal City humbly prays for the conversion of England!'"*

To the author of these "Reminiscences of Rome," we are grateful for much pleasing and valuable information. His *matter* is good, but we must be allowed, at parting, to offer a remark or two as to his *manner*. He is evidently a young writer, the poetic fervor of whose temperament requires to be sobered down by the logic of time and experience. He has the besetting sin of young and inexperienced writers, a continual effort to be grand, an affectation of translating the commonest circumstances into the language of metaphor and passion. He has not attended to that remark of an acute observer, that "simplicity without elegance is preferable to studied refinement, just as the plain manners of a Quaker are less repulsive than the affectation of a coxcomb." In his determination to be singular, he can neither see nor hear like other people; instead of listening to a strain of sweet music, it must "gently captivate his hearing sense" (vol. ii, p. 81); instead of gazing in imagination upon the chivalrous tournaments of the middle ages, they "are summoned to the presence of his mental sight." (p. 79.) He seems afraid of saying common things in a plain and natural way; the evening breeze from the neighboring catacombs, becomes "the plaintive sigh of evening from the *proximate catacombal* dwellings of the dead" (p. 53); barbarous treatment driving a man mad, is "*obtenebrating* his mental vision, and impelling him to a fit of despair" (p. 55); a veteran ecclesiastic is "a Nestor of the patriarchal age, over whom the winds of nearly fourscore and ten years have *scowled*" (p. 227); "Dante, the bard of mysterious song, *resplends* like a meteor amid the firmament of Italian literature" (p. 56); "a skull enclosed in a chrystal shrine, is venerated by *pictorial* enthusiasts, as the identical cranium of the divine painter [Raphael]" (p. 70); "during the cholera epidemic, fear came over the healthful youth, and stoutest man *quailed like the aspen leaf.*" (p. 78.)

Sometimes a simple flat-footed fact is made to assume the buskin: the use of olive oil for church lamps, and wax candles for the altar, is thus announced; "the produce of the olive and the bee are made subservient to religious purposes in the Ro-

* The following anecdote is connected with this subject. About the middle of the sixteenth century, in the monastery now known by the name of 'Il Retiro,' the Retreat, the celebrated Cardinal Howard, of the Norfolk family, established a college of English missionaries of the Dominican order. At present it is occupied by a community of religious, named 'Passionisti,' from their especial devotion to the passion of Christ. From one of these religious we learnt that the founder of their society, the venerable Father Paul of the cross, never allowed a day of the last forty years of his life to pass without offering up a fervent prayer to God for the conversion of England to the Catholic faith."

man churches." (p. 87.) Sometimes the grand and the familiar find themselves in amusing juxta-position. Speaking of a college friend, he says, "manhood seemed to have made but little alteration in his mental character; his quiet and unobtrusive spirit was still the same; and such was his delicacy of reserve, as to make it *next to impossible for him to elbow his way through the world.*" (p. 221.)

Our reminiscent has the following high-wrought passages, which, in the simplicity of his youthful heart, he fancies to be the sublime. He is describing the festival of the "Infiorata," or floral procession in honor of the blessed Virgin. "Yes; long shall I remember the soul-thrilling impression. The luminary of day was about to tinge with his last setting glow of crimson and gold the smiling clouds of the west, and the last words of praise were echoing from the *proximate* hills. Could I a poet's privilege assume, I might be tempted to compare the music of the rustic minstrels—the beds of variegated flowers, and other joyful accompaniments of their divine procession, to some ideal fête champêtre, or festal rite, annually observed by our first parents in the garden of Eden, had they not sinned!" (p. 98.) In more senses than one this is a curious passage; how an *ideal* fête could be *annually observed*, if our first parents had not sinned, is an enigma which it would require a considerable degree of ingenuity to solve.

At p. 296, we have "The Thunderstorm," which is thus described;—"The thunder became progressively more loud and awful; the lightning fearfully *proximate* to us, in rapid succession flashed *with* its forked and terrific darts, the rain, as if the cataracts and floodgates of heaven had again burst forth to cover the earth with watery desolation, poured down in overwhelming torrents. Through the *liquid* mist I could discern a black lowering cloud approaching, &c. It was no small consolation to be near the benign effigy of Mary, *the mistic Iris*, &c." (p. 296.) The reminiscent and his college friend pay a moonlight visit to the Colosseum; "the moon advancing towards her zenith, emitted rays of lovely splendor. We roamed through its columned arches, and admired the various shades depicted by the celestial rays of the lunar orb." They retrace their steps homeward, and "the irradiance of a cloudless star-lit sky, with the lightsome beams, though pale and mild of a crescent moon, served to guide us along the solitary streets, while we discoursed, or mused upon profane and sacred love." Such is the night picture, now for a day-scene. They visit the monastery on the Cœlian mount, "the corridor of which is adorned with portraits of men, whose mortified and thoughtful-looking countenances mutely told us of strange, mournful, yet beatific things. We took the liberty to stroll about the solitary garden, where the softness of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the orange, almond, and lemon plantations, and even the incessant chirping of birds delighted us. To harmonize the harsh garrulity of these feathered songsters, the zephyrs would ever and anon agitate the wild shrubs and flowers of the surrounding (*proximate?*) ruins, and waft occasionally dulcet sounds of more pleasing music 'in floating music to the ear.' A grove of cypresses accorded well with the melancholy loneliness of the place, and attuned our minds to a poetic feeling." This is what Dean Swift terms the "finical style;" what follows is more in the "Ercles vein." He is describing the internal economy of the Roman college:—"Later, the seminarists are summoned by the punctual and inexorable bell-ringer to chapel for night prayers and meditation, after which they sup, and then withdraw to their play-rooms until the time arrives for the enjoyment of sweet dreams and uninterrupted slumbers, during the hours allotted for nocturnal repose. Each one then places his lamp inside his chamber door, and while undressing, responds aloud, as in the morning, to the prayers vociferated by the perambulating hebdomadarian." The following is still more highly wrought. It is the portrait of an unfair antagonist of Catholicity, one "who lays a train to explode the citadel of veracity!" (p. 134.) "Let him summon together his æolian auxiliaries, and triton-fleets of bugbear apprehensions about Popery,

to excite or storm against her. Let him arouse those leviathans and monsters of the deep, in the shape of religious jealousies—slumbering animosities—and other bad passions, to arm and unite in arresting her peaceful progress. Let him exhaust his hell-guided energies, in order to overwhelm or thin the ranks of her defenders, let him endeavor to conceal her buoyant course amid the fog and smoke of bigotry and slander; his impotent efforts will only tend to make him guilty of atrocious high-treason against the common interests and happiness of his fellow-men. In the meantime, in defiance of human and infernal opposition, confident of divine assistance, the present venerable pilot, the two hundred and fifty-sixth successor of the fisherman of Galilee, will still undauntedly stand at the helm of the vessel, and keep unfurled the meteor flag of Catholic truth, wherefrom will be emitted rays of supernal light sufficiently strong to pierce the darkest clouds of error, calumny, and misrepresentation, ever raised by—the "Times!"

On listening to such a passage as the above, we can imagine some honest backwoodsman exclaiming; "What a first-rate stump-orator was lost in that man!"

In conclusion—let us not be understood as offering these remarks in an ill-natured or captious spirit. Nothing can be farther from our intention. In pointing out the faults into which this young writer has fallen, we would hold them up at once as a warning to the student, and as no unfriendly hint to the reminiscent, of whose talents we think so favorably as to feel anxious to meet him again in the field of letters, and to felicitate him upon that more matured taste which added years will be sure to bring.

ST. BERNARD.

A SKETCH FROM THE SAINT'S OWN WRITINGS, AND FROM THOSE OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY PROFESSOR WALTER.

Born at Fontaines, in Burgundy, 1091; educated at the college of Chatillon, 1106; embraces a religious life, 1113; made abbot of Clairvaux, 1116; assists at the council of Sens, 1140; preaches the crusade, 1142; confutes the errors of the famous Abelard, 1145; dies at Clairvaux, 1153; canonized by Pope Alexander III, 1165.

WITH the more prominent features of St. Bernard's life, and with the influence he exerted upon the age in which he lived, and which he illustrated by his talents and his virtues, every reader of general history is acquainted. The object of the present sketch is to furnish the lovers of personal history with a few anecdotes and characteristic traits, drawn from St. Bernard's own writings, and from those of his contemporaries, and thrown into chronological order. It is hoped that they will lead to a more intimate acquaintance with the man, and tend to inspire a deeper love and reverence for the saint. In a former sketch we traced St. Bernard to the foundation of the celebrated abbey of Clairvaux, and to his appointment as abbot of the same. In a few years, the fame of this monastery, and of the extraordinary man to whom it owed its origin, was spread throughout Europe. The widely extended influence of Bernard's example, and the practical value, not to say attractions of the rule of life which he laid down for the community under his direction, may be estimated by the number of influential men of the time who sought admission into the order. The gentle and amiable Peter of Clugni, though alienated for a time from our saint by contending interests, became united with him in the bonds of the sincerest affection. Hear what he says in one of his epistles to Bernard: "I have constantly wished to escape from my charge, that I might be at liberty to live united to you till death. To

be attached to your holy person by an indissoluble bond, I should consider as a more precious possession than any earthly crown; yes, I would rather pass my life with you, than enjoy all the kingdoms of the world; since to serve you would be agreeable not only to men but to angels."

In the same spirit of devoted affection, Hildebert, archbishop of Treves, repaired to Rome to entreat Pope Innocent's permission to resign his mitre, in order that he might live at Clairvaux. The Pope, however, refused his consent; "which," says Hildebert, "I pray God to forgive him!" Bernard's friend, Gregory, abbot of St. Thierry, to whom he was much attached, having proposed to leave his abbey for the same purpose, Bernard thus wrote to him: "My worthy friend, I should desire this quite as much as yourself; but reason requires that laying aside both your will and my own, I should advise you agreeably to what I believe to be the will of God. I feel my conscience at ease in proposing to you this counsel, and you will find peace of mind in following it: stay where it has pleased God to place you."

But Bernard's activity of mind was not limited to his own convent; it took a wider range, and embraced the interests and well-being of many of his contemporaries. We will particularize one among other instances. The order of Clugni had, like that of Citeaux, originated in a project of conventual reformation, by restoring the observance of the Benedictine rule in all its primitive austerity. The convent was at first distinguished for the severity of its discipline, and the fervor of its religious exercises. The fame of this attracted the reverence and secured the liberality of the people. A succession of eminent men had presided over the order, whose counsels and participation in affairs of moment had been solicited by popes and sovereigns. The charitable purposes to which the convent applied its large resources, excited general esteem and affection. But increasing wealth and power produced their usual results,—relaxation of discipline, and gradual departure from the spirit of the founder. The convent, richly adorned, had now become the seat of arts and learning; but these too were perverted into active causes of evil. Under Pontius, a young and worldly minded man, who, in the year 1100, was chosen abbot of Clugni, the laxity and disorder of the convent had become so notorious as to reach the ears of Pope Calixtus II, who addressed an admonition to Pontius. In consequence of this, the superior abdicated his post, and undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But after two years, moved by ambition, and regretting the step he had taken, he endeavored by violent means to reinstate himself as head of the order. In the meantime, Peter, a descendant of a noble house in Spain, had been chosen abbot of Clugni. He was a man of cultivated mind, and he commanded universal esteem by the frankness and gentleness of his character, and by the winning courtesy of his manners. Pontius, however, whose character was far more suitable to the general inclinations of the monks, forced his way into the convent, during the absence of Peter, and seized upon the treasures belonging to the monastery, not even sparing the sacred ornaments of the church, costly crucifixes, golden reliquaries, and the more valuable of the sacred vessels of the service. These proceedings led to the greatest confusion in the order; till at length Pope Honorius II interfering, by his authority put an end to the strife, and, in the year 1125, reinstated the Abbot Peter in his office. It was at the call of the friends of order and good discipline, and more particularly of William, a Cluniac abbot, that St. Bernard composed his celebrated "*Apologica ad Gulielmum abbatem.*"

St. Bernard had, however, personal motives to join in the feeling of the time against the monks of Clugni, from their conduct in regard to Robert, a son of his mother's sister. This young man having been, at his birth, consecrated to God by his parents, had subsequently been promised by them to the abbey of Clugni. In his boyhood, however, he had formed a strong attachment to Bernard, and when the latter determined on entering the monastery of Citeaux, young Robert, though at that time only thirteen years of age, insisted on ac-

companying him,—a mark of attachment which won strongly upon the susceptible heart of Bernard. Two years later we behold him accompanying and forming one of the infant colony that proceeded to the settlement of Clairveaux, where permission to assume the habit of the order was granted to his earnest entreaties. This gave offence to the monks of Clugni, who, under pretence of Robert's early engagement, procured a decree from the pope, authorising him to pass from Clairvaux to Clugni. Furnished with this document, and availing themselves of the absence of Bernard, the emissaries of the Abbot Pontius gained access to the young monk, and having succeeded in persuading him that he was subjected by Bernard to an unreasonable excess of austerity, they prevailed on him to accompany them to Clugni.

The grief of St. Bernard, when on his return to the monastery he found that he had been thus robbed of the child of his affection, is represented by his biographers to have been excessive. For the space of a year, he ceased not to offer prayers, mingled with sighs and tears, for his restoration. At the end of that time, he dictated the celebrated letter, of which the reader will be pleased to see an extract:

"I have waited long enough, my dear son Robert; nay, perhaps, too long, in the hope that it might please God to soften your heart and my own; inspiring you with sorrow for your fault, and granting to me the consolation of your repentance. But since my expectation is vain, I can no longer conceal my sadness, or restrain my sorrow. Behold me, then, come to ask pardon of him, who ought rather to seek it from me, and contemned as I have been, to recall him who has wounded and insulted me. When suffering under any heavy affliction, we cease to deliberate, or to reason with ourselves; we are no longer sensible of shame, or apprehensive of degradation; we neglect all counsel and rule, all order and measure: all the faculties of the mind are absorbed in seeking how to soften the rigor of suffering, or to recover our lost happiness. But I think I hear you tell me, that you have neither despised nor offended me. Be it so. My object is not to dispute, but to put an end to all disputes; and surely the blame must rest with the persecutor, not with him who flies from persecution. Come, then, let us forget the past; I will not stop to examine into circumstances, I would fain banish them from my remembrance. I will speak only of my affliction in being deprived of your society. I do not ask the reasons of your leaving me; I only ask, why you do not return. Yes, return, I entreat of you, and all shall be peace; return, and all shall be well again; I shall again be happy and my heart shall sing with joy, "He was dead, and is alive; he was lost, and is found!" I am content to take all the blame of your flight upon myself. Yes, I was too strict, too severe; I did not make sufficient allowance for the tenderness and delicacy of youth. It is time, that I might, perhaps, allege in my justification, the necessity of repressing the sallies of youth with a steady hand, so as by due discipline to train the restive to virtue, according to that admonition of holy Scripture, 'Correct thy son, and thou shalt save his soul,'—'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth,'—'Better are the wounds of a friend, than the kisses of an enemy.' But, I repeat it; I am willing to bear the blame. Oh my son! consider the means by which I seek to recall you; not by a slavish fear, but by endeavoring to inspire you with a filial love, which will induce you in all the confidence of affection to throw yourself into the arms of a loving father. I employ no menaces; all the force I use is that of prayers and entreaties, to gain your soul and allay my grief. Others would, perhaps, have adopted a different method; they would have sought to frighten you by the representation of your sin, by the terrors of an avenging God; they would have reproached you with the base apostacy which led you to prefer a handsome dress, or luxurious table, an opulent establishment, to your former coarse habit, vegetable fare, and humble poverty. But knowing your heart to be more alive to love than fear, I have not thought it necessary to hurry him along who is already of himself advancing in the right way; to

alarm him, who already trembles; to confound one already overtaken by confusion. And if it be thought strange that a young and diffident monk should have dared to violate his vows, and to quit his monastery without the consent of his brethren and superiors, is it not far more strange that David should have fallen with all his holiness, Solomon with all his wisdom, and Sampson with all his strength? Is it surprising that he who could deceive our first parents in paradise, should have had the address to seduce a young man from a frightful desert? Deceived by the spurious arguments of certain men in authority, of a wolf in sheep's clothing, whom he knew not, the credulous young monk suffers himself to be conducted to Clugni. 'What!' cried his betrayers, 'doth God take pleasure in man's suffering? Doth the Holy Scripture command us to shorten our days, to dig the ground, to fell trees, to exhaust the body in labor? Why did God create meats, if not for our use? why give us bodies, if we may not nourish them? What man in his senses ever hated his own flesh?' And so, having inveigled him into their monastery, they caused him to bathe, to have his hair cut and his person trimmed, and substituting for his old and threadbare garments robes of costly stuff, receive him into their community, nay more, give him precedence over many aged men, and congratulate and applaud him, triumphing as in the spoil of a victory. What pains have they not taken to destroy a poor soul, and how was so young a man to resist the influence of such flattering arts? What leisure was allowed him for self-examination, for calm and humble inquiry after truth? But think not that I wish to intimidate you; I would instruct you as a son whom I tenderly love, for though you may have many masters, you can have no other father in Christ than myself. My fear is, lest all that I have attained by my patience, watered by the word and sustained by my prayers, should fall away and come to nought. It is less the fruitlessness of my labors, than the misery of my son that I deplore. And yet, can I forget my own bowels? Must I not suffer and greatly too, when the half of myself is torn from me? Arouse thee, then, young soldier of Jesus Christ, shake off thy trammels, return again to the combat, and let the shame of thy defeat be forgotten in the renewed ardor of thy courage? Many are the combatants who persevere unto victory, but the number of those who after having turned their backs on the field, are brought again to renew the fight, is very small. Since then the value of a thing is enhanced by its variety, what a transport would it not cause in me to find in thee a courage of which so few are capable? It is Jesus Christ who fights above head. It is He who says to us, 'Fear not, I have overcome the world;' and 'if God be for us, who shall be against us?' Oh the happiness of the warfare that is undertaken for Jesus! In such a cause, neither wounds, nor defeat, nor death itself,—nothing indeed, but a shameful flight, can deprive us of victory. Happy, thrice happy he who falls with his weapons in his hand, for he dies but to be crowned; but miserable is the man who turns aside from triumph and from the crown laid up for his perseverance. My dear son, God keep you from such a disaster! and may it please His merciful goodness to open your heart to my words; otherwise, alas! this letter will but increase your condemnation."

This earnest and affectionate appeal does not appear to have produced its effect at the time. It was not till nearly two years after, that Bernard had the satisfaction of again embracing his cherished disciple, who was sent back to him by Peter the venerable, shortly after he succeeded the evil disposed Pontius. Robert was subsequently appointed abbot of Maison Dieu, at Besançon, lived to a venerable age, and died in the odour of sanctity.

We spoke of St. Bernard's "Apology," written to clear his brethren from the reproach of having slandered the Cluniacs, and to expose the abuses prevailing among them. It not only produced a beneficial result in that convent, but was conducive to a far wider sphere of usefulness, by inducing other institutions to follow the good example. Among them was the celebrated abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. Suger, the

abbot, the distinguished minister of Louis le Gros, had heard this production spoken of with great diversity of opinion, and was resolved to read it himself and form his own judgment. It carried conviction to his heart, and he immediately set about reforming his monastery, which had long been looked upon rather as a palace of pleasure for the king and his courtiers, than as a retreat of penitence and piety. St. Bernard has described the disorder of the place. "The cloisters," says he "are crowded with soldiers, the convent filled with the ministers of intrigue and litigation, the tumult of the world re-echoes on every side, and even women, who are excluded by the rules of the institution, are permitted to enter at pleasure." All this was at once put a stop to, order and discipline were restored; and Suger, whose upright and honest heart was ever open to the voice of truth, addressed the following letter of thanks to Bernard. It is thus inscribed:

"Suger, humble minister of the blessed Denis to the most beloved lord and venerable father, Bernard, by the grace of God, Abbot of Clairvaux, sendeth greeting and sincere affection.

"You have visited us, as the day-spring from on high visiteth you, by your letters, which in truth are precious gifts, the bread of blessing, letters of consolation containing sacred words, abounding in milk and honey, and thus you have afforded to me, a miserable sinner, the greatest consolation in the hour of my extremity. If I might but once before my death behold your angelic countenance, I could depart more securely from this wretched world; in which if I might be spared to live a thousand years or more, I would not desire to remain unless it were well-pleasing to God: for, trusting not in works of righteousness, but in His mercy alone, which he always manifests to those who hope in Him, I desire with the whole of my heart to return to Him. I therefore devoutly recommend myself to you, that you may conciliate to me the divine favor, through the prayers of your congregation." When, in 1152, Bernard heard that Suger was dying, he wrote to him, praying that, when in heaven, he would use his intercession for the speedy release of one whom he had sincerely loved on earth."

1130.—St. Bernard was not allowed to enjoy a life of retirement and contemplation amidst his monks for any length of time together. The unhappy schism in the popedom, in the year 1130, demanded his exertions for the restoration of peace in the Church. On the death of Pope Honorius II, Cardinal Gregorio was elected Pope, by the name of Innocent II. But a powerful faction arose which set up an antipope, under the name of Anaclete II. The decision between their rival claims was remitted by king Louis to a synod of bishops which assembled at Etampes, and Bernard was invited to aid their decision by his counsels. They decided in favor of Innocent, even the venerable Peter declaring for him, although Anaclete, who had been a monk of Clugni, had canvassed warmly for the support of his former brethren. Peter sent an escort of sixty horsemen to Innocent, with an invitation to Clugni, which the Pope accepted, and with his numerous suite enjoyed its hospitality for the space of eleven days.

King Louis despatched an honorable embassy of congratulation, with his minister the Abbot Suger at its head, to meet him at Clugni, and he himself, followed by his whole family, advanced as far as the monastery of St. Bennet, on the Loire, to do him honor; and there falling at his feet, according to the custom of the age, he vowed obedience to him. In the meantime, Bernard had been despatched on a journey to Normandy, in order to prevail on Henry I, king of England, to recognize Innocent as pope. Henry's mind had, however, been prejudiced against him, and our saint met with some unexpected difficulties. After taking some pains to remove this impression, and finding his efforts unavailing, he at length exclaimed: "You dread bringing guilt upon your soul by recognizing Innocent. Well, then, be pleased to listen to my advice; think only how you may answer for your *other* sins in the sight of God, and I will be responsible for *this*." The king was not displeased with the inge-

nious turn given to his scruple, and ended by declaring in favor of Innocent.

St. Bernard afterwards accompanied Innocent to Milan, where the pontiff received the homage of the prelates, who declared their adhesion to him. The extraordinary effect of St. Bernard's presence in this city, is thus described by an eye-witness. "Nothing can equal the enthusiasm of the people at having this man of God among them. At his nod, all the gold and silver ornaments were removed from the churches, and shut up in chests and vaults, as being offensive to the holy abbot; men and women were seen clad in hair-cloth, or in the meanest woollen garments; wine was turned into water, demons were dispossessed, and sicknesses healed. The holy abbot delivered the prisoners of war from their fetters and set them at liberty, and thus confirmed a vast multitude of persons in their allegiance to the emperor and their obedience to the Pope, by the oath which they took before him." Wherever he appeared, the multitude flocked round his person, and plucked fragments from his mantle. "The people of Milan earnestly desired to keep the holy man among them as their metropolitan; and assembling in festival procession, they proceeded, singing hymns and psalms of jubilee, to the cathedral, and entreated his acceptance of the archiepiscopal office. Unable to escape from their importunities, he at length bethought himself of this device; "To-morrow," said he, "I will mount my horse, and if it carry me out of the city, I shall conclude that I am not to refuse your request; if, on the other hand, it should refuse to carry me beyond the walls, I will then consent to your request." From Milan Bernard journeyed to Pavia, where, by an eloquent appeal to the popular feeling, he obtained the liberty and restoration of a number of Milanese prisoners. His reception by the bishop and clergy was in the highest degree enthusiastic. His reply to an address of the bishop of the place is one among many evidences of that spirit of deep and genuine humility which was his distinguishing characteristic. "The fruit of the good seed which is sown in the good ground belongs to Him who giveth the seed and fertilizeth the ground; who causeth the blade to grow and ripeneth the corn. In all that has been done, what can I attribute to myself? Wo be unto me, if I usurp the glory of Christ! It is he alone, and not I, who can change the heart. The beauty of a manuscript is not the work of the pen, but of the hand that guided it. All that is permitted me to claim is this,—that my tongue has been 'the pen of a ready writer.'" After a twelvemonth thus spent in endeavors to restore peace and unity in the distracted church in Italy, Bernard set out on his return to France. The news of his coming flew before him, and in his passage over the Alps, he was met by crowds of peasants and shepherds, who came down from their dwellings among the rocks to see him, and returned to their rude homes rejoicing that they had received his blessing. How beautiful is this spontaneous homage rendered by all ranks of people to a man indebted to his Christian virtues alone for the veneration he inspired!

From Besançon he was solemnly escorted to Langres, and at a short distance from that city, he found his brethren from Clairvaux, who had hastened to meet him on the news of his approach. To use the words of the annalist of Citeaux, "they fell on his neck, they embraced his knees, they spoke to him by turns, and were fain to have all spoken together; and full of joyous exultation, they accompanied him to Clairveaux."

It was soon after Bernard's return that the rebuilding of Clairveaux commenced. The monastery was no longer capable of containing the numbers who flocked to it for admission. A hundred novices, principally from the banks of the Rhine, where Bernard had preached the preceding year, had been recently received; and the original building, placed in the angle formed by the hills, could not be enlarged so as to accommodate them. It was necessary to pull it down and rebuild it entirely. The expense of so vast an undertaking weighed heavily on the mind of Bernard. "Remember," he would say to his monks, "remember the labor and cost of our present house, with what infinite pains did we at

last succeed in constructing aqueducts to bring water into our offices and workshops; and what would now be said of us, if we were to break up our own work and commence a new one? We should be looked upon as madmen, and with reason too, being destitute of the means to undertake it. Let us not forget that word of the Gospel, that 'he who would build a tower, must first sit down and calculate the cost.'" To this the brethren replied: "You must either send away those who are conducted hither by the hand of God, or must build accommodations for them; and surely we should be more than miserable, we should be culpable too, if through fear of the expense, we were to oppose any obstacle to the accomplishment of God's will." Moved by these representations, the abbot yielded to the wishes of his community; offerings flowed in from all parts, and the buildings advanced with incredible rapidity. Thibart, count of Champagne, granted the charter of this second foundation in the year 1135, and with his daughter Matilda, countess of Flanders, and her husband Philip, whose tombs are still seen at Clairveaux, contributed largely to the endowment, as well as Ernengarde, countess of Bretagne. In the hill situated to the west of the valley, was a spring of clear water, which, after making its way to the meadows below, lost itself under ground, and at a little distance re-appeared. It was at this point that the new monastery was erected.

1138.—Shortly after the completion of the building, Bernard was again called away on another mission of peace. William IX, sovereign count of Aquitaine and Poitou, a man of impetuous and vicious character, taking advantage of the papal schism, had driven from their sees several exemplary prelates, who were obnoxious to his corrupt inclinations, and had supplied their places with men of distinguished families, of more accommodating temper, and whom he hoped to win over to the party of Anaclete, whose cause he espoused. These proceedings necessarily occasioned the greatest confusion in the Church, and Peter the Venerable had in vain sought by his representations to turn the count from the course he was pursuing. The pious Godfrey, bishop of Chartres, who had been appointed by Innocent legate of Aquitaine, resolved to undertake a journey to the court of William, in order to try every expedient to put an end to the scandal of these proceedings. He was aware of the extraordinary influence which Bernard possessed over the minds of men, and he engaged the saint to accompany him on his mission. It was no very difficult matter to persuade the count, a rude and ignorant layman, unskilled in ecclesiastical affairs, to recognize the supremacy of Pope Innocent, as it was a question in which his interests were not immediately compromised; but it was another matter to persuade him to admit the ejected prelates to their sees. In spite of every remonstrance, he persisted in his refusal to replace them in their sees, declaring that they had offended him too deeply, and that he felt himself bound by a solemn oath which he had taken never to be reconciled with them. After a long time spent in unavailing negociations, the legate gave up all hope of being able to vanquish the count's obstinacy, and had fixed a day for returning home.

The day previous to his intended departure, St. Bernard celebrated mass in the cathedral church. The count, who as an excommunicated person, did not dare to assist at the ceremony, remained standing in the church porch. After the consecration, and previous to giving the *Pax* before the communion, the saint descended from the altar, and made his way through the people to the place where the duke stood, bearing in his hand the paten with the consecrated host,* and then with a stern and commanding countenance, and with eyes flashing holy indignation, he addressed the astonished count in these awful words: "Again and again have the servants of the Most High joined their supplications with ours, and you have disregarded and despised them. Lo, now, the Blessed Son of the

* "A particular impulse of the Holy Ghost, the great authority of the saint, and the dignity with which this man of miracles was enabled to perform so extraordinary an action, make it an object of our admiration, not of our imitation."—*Butler's Lives of the Saints.*

Virgin, He who is the Lord and Head of the Church which you persecute, comes in person to see if you will repent. Behold your Judge, at whose voice every knee is bowed, in heaven, on earth, and in hell. He is the just Avenger of crime, into whose hands your soul will one day fall. Will you despise Him, will you reject Him, as you have rejected his servants? Will you?" The saint was silent, and throughout the assembled multitude not a breath was heard. They awaited in trembling expectation the result, as though this solemn denunciation would be followed by a sign from heaven. Count William, in the meantime, terror-stricken, and trembling in every limb, fell to the earth in a swoon. His attendants raised him, but he was unable to support himself, and a second time sunk to the ground. Bernard then drew near, and commanded the count to rise and receive the commands of God from his lips. "Here in presence," said he, "is the bishop of Poitiers, whom you have driven from his diocess; go and be reconciled with him, and confirm that reconciliation by the kiss of peace; lead him to his episcopal throne, and give the example to all the separatists in your dominions to return to the unity of the Church." The count, unable to reply, hastened to the bishop, bestowed on him the kiss of peace, and to the joy of all his subjects, reinstated him in his former see. From this time the count gave himself up to sincere repentance for the sins of his past life, and in penance for his sins, resolved to undertake a pilgrimage to St. Iago di Compostella. Before he set out, he disposed by will of his vast inheritance, entrusting the fulfilment of the same to the restored bishop of Poitiers. His end was happy; on the Good Friday of the year 1137, he died at Compostella, while paying his devotions at the shrine of St. Iago.

Bernard having thus succeeded in accomplishing the object of his mission, returned

> To seek that dear retreat,
> Which absence self had rendered doubly sweet.

In the most secluded part of the valley, he had caused a bower to be formed, which was shaded by twining pease-blossoms. It was in the shade of this sequestered spot, which he fondly termed his "earthly Jerusalem," that he meditated his celebrated sermons, and particularly his Commentary on the Canticles; in which, to use the words of Milner, the Protestant historian of the church, "we have laid before us the inward soul of a saint of the twelfth century, confessing and describing the vicissitudes of spiritual consolation and declension; which, with more or less variety, are known to real Christians in all ages of the church." Notwithstanding the delicacy of his health, Bernard was in the habit of preaching daily to his monks. His eloquence is described as possessing that insinuating character, which makes its way directly to the heart, and at the same time is said not to have been deficient in energy and vehemence even, as the subject required. His voice, though weak, was wonderfully flexible and melodious, and its effect was enhanced by a countenance which mirrored every emotion of a sensitive heart, and which was lighted up by those "dove-like eyes,"—the "*oculos columbinos*," of which his contemporaries speak so much. It is said that we owe the discourses which have come down to us, to the care of the monks, who took them down in writing as he delivered them.

1139.—This year, the sensitive heart of St. Bernard was doomed to experience a more severe visitation than it had ever yet experienced. We have already been touched and edified by the remarkable conversion of his elder brother, Gerard. This faithful companion of all the saint's journeyings, this affectionate one with whom he had so often taken counsel, breathed his last in Bernard's arms, on the 13th of April, after a lingering illness. Like another David, Bernard had given way to his grief while Gerard was languishing and dying; but when all was over, he suppressed every token of feeling, and even presided at the funeral rites with an air of the most profound calmness and mastery of his feelings, while all around him were dissolved in tears; a circumstance the more remarked by his brethren, as the characteristic tenderness of his heart was known, having been

observed to weep with all the tenderness of a parent over every member of his community of whom death had deprived him. But at his accustomed hour of preaching, Bernard, who never suffered any circumstance to interrupt the performance of his religious duties, mounted the pulpit as usual, and continued the exposition of the Canticles; but on a sudden he stopped, overcome by his feelings and almost suffocated by the grief he had stifled in his bosom; then after a pause he continued, and the tribute he paid to his departed brother in this unpremeditated funeral oration is among the most touching effusions of Christian antiquity.

DEATH OF AN INFANT RELATIVE.

BY MISS LEONORA WILSON.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's early morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.—*Moore.*

What sorrow lies within thy heart, my gay, my youthful friend?
Why doth the tear unbidden start, and grief thy bosom rend?
Have friends once loved proved false to thee,
And checked thy course of mirthful glee?
Have cherished hopes and visions bright,
Dissolved like summer clouds from sight?
Or dost thou pine to see thy home,
Through its loved halls once more to roam?
Ah no! those silent tear-drops tell a tale of grief more sad
Of one, whose infant soul had fled while yet life's scenes were clad
With rainbow tints of fairy hue,
With pale flow'rs sparkling bright with dew.

But weep thou not: that cherub one to brighter realms hath flown,
Where grief ne'er finds a resting place, and sorrow is unknown;
And there o'er flow'r-enamelled glades,
'Neath skies whose beauty never fades,
An angel pure, enrobed in light,
She roams 'mid bands of seraphs bright;
And oft, from that sweet home of rest,
She'll visit thee, in visions blest.
Oh, then, chase far away from thee the trembling drops that lie
Upon the silken fringe that shades thy once bright laughing eye.
Mourn not her gentle spirit flown
To realms where nought but bliss is known.

A LETTER ON PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

Concluded from page 672.

LET me now reply to some of your questions. You ask me, does not the existence of purgatory imply a contradiction? for either God forgives entirely our sins or not at all. If the former, surely he does not punish in purgatory sins already forgiven; if the latter, there is no occasion for purgatory, as all admit that a sinner who dies unpardoned is lost forever. Again, you ask: "Is not the doctrine of purgatory, even according to many Catholic writers, an invention of the middle or dark ages?" And thirdly, "Even though we admit this doctrine, what connection exists between the existence of purgatory and praying for the dead?" To each of these questions, I propose to give you at least a brief and candid reply.

And first I will add, that you seem to have understood rightly what was said before concerning those who, according to the Catholic doctrine, are consigned to the temporary punishment of purgatory. It is the fate of those who, *after* the guilt or eternal punishment due to mortal sin has been remitted, die *before* the temporal punishment has been endured—or they who at the moment of death have not satisfied for lesser sins which are called *venial*. Your first question supposes that God, in forgiving the sins of an offender, remits at the same time all punishment due to his sins. Whereas the Catholic Church teaches that the Almighty God may remit the sin and its consequent eternal punishment, and still enjoin a temporal punishment to be undergone either in this life or in that to come. Here then is the point on which we are at issue. Which of us is right? I shall not here attempt an examination of your point, for circumstances will not allow; but I will briefly vindicate the Catholic doctrine on this subject, holding it as a necessary maxim that two contradictions cannot be true. If one be proved, the other must necessarily be false. This I hold no less true in morals than in mathematics. To prove my position, turn, I pray you, to the history of the Jews, the chosen people of God, and first to Numbers xiv, and read the prayers of Moses for his people, commencing at the thirteenth verse. Reflect attentively upon verses 20, 21, 22, 23. Do we not here find that God, who had been roused to anger by the ungrateful conduct of the Jews, was on the point of hurling against them the bolts of his indignation, of "smiting them with pestilence," and disinheriting them from his favor? When lo! Moses, like a tender father, suppliantly implores for the pardon of his people. His voice is raised in prayer, and the leader of the hosts of Israel stands between an offended Deity and his guilty, ungrateful people. The anger of God is appeased. His arm, even then uplifted to deal the deadly blow, falls harmlessly, or is extended to receive his misguided children; with mercy he replies to the prayers of Moses: "I have pardoned," (20—23.) In fact read attentively the remaining part of the whole chapter, and you will find that God after forgiving the sins of his ungrateful people, and remitting the eternal punishment which these sins deserved, still afflicted them with a temporary punishment, a series of afflictions, a constant wandering up and down in the wilderness, and in the end, refused to all in punishment of their sins (which he had expressly forgiven, as we read in verse 20), admission into the promised land, except to Caleb and Joshua. Even Moses, in punishment for his want of confidence, was debarred from that long expected happiness. Does not this prove that God may sometimes forgive the sin, and yet enjoin a satisfaction, a temporary punishment. And if this punishment be not undergone here, must it not still be undergone? It cannot be endured in heaven. Not in hell,—(for "out of hell

there is no redemption.") Where then, let me ask you, is it to be endured?

But I need simply ask you whence the various, ten thousand evils which afflict the human family. Was man originally thus? Was he created in his primeval state to suffer, to toil, to languish, and to die? Was the fair garden of Paradise intended to be desolated by the angry storms of life? its beauty doomed to fade—its sweets and joys to be imbittered by all the woes which now afflict the world? Was man, that noble being, man, who bore upon his majestic brow the impress of reason—whose soul was stamped with the image of his maker, God, doomed to fall from his high estate, and wander o'er the world, friendless, accursed and subjected to death? No, assuredly not. And yet, man fell, and by his fall, involved the human family in sorrows, in sufferings, and in death. Did not the tender mercies of God prompt him, when stern justice demanded vengeance, to pardon and forgive our unfortunate progenitors, and promise them as a future Saviour, even though justice bade him drive them from their forfeited paradise? Can we doubt that our first parents "wept and were forgiven?" Can we for a moment entertain the idea that they are eternally excluded from the beatific vision of their Creator? Surely not; and yet, though God in his infinite mercy pardoned their transgressions, how did they suffer for their fault. How deeply did they drink the bitter cup of sorrow, how bitterly did they deplore their disobedience! The evils of life, the sufferings, the afflictions to which we are even yet subjected; sickness, want, and death; behold the sad consequence entailed upon children by the fall of our first parents! Is there not here, my friend, a proof that God may and does pardon the sin, and yet enjoin, nay imperatively demand a temporal punishment in satisfaction for that sin?

You have no doubt often read and reflected upon the trials and persecutions endured by the holy servant of God, David. Although prostrate in sackcloth and ashes, he had long propitiated the mercies of heaven, although, when conscience-stricken he exclaimed in anguish; "I have sinned against the Lord," he was cheered by the consoling assurance of the prophet Nathan: "The Lord hath also taken away thy sin; thou shalt not die;" yet the inexorable justice of an offended God commanded the prophet to declare unto him, "Nevertheless because thou hast given occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, for this thing the child that is born to thee shall surely die." (2 Samuel xii, 14.) And that little child around which were entwined the dearest affections of his heart, died in satisfaction to heaven for the sins of its adulterous progenitors. Nor did the anger of heaven rest here; but as long as David lived, so long was he forced to feel the sad effects of his unfortunate transgression. Behold the prophet of the Lord declaring with the voice of inspiration, that God had "removed his sin from him, as far as the east is from the west." Still in atonement for that sin, David was doomed to see the bosom of his family torn with dissension; Ammon blasting the fair fame of his sister Thamar; (2 Samuel xiii.) The fratricidal hands of one of his sons stained with the blood of an incestuous brother! (2 Samuel xiii.) Still was he forced, in the feebleness of old age, to flee before the conquering arms of an ungrateful son, who had risen in rebellion against his grey-haired father, (2 Samuel xv.) And who can read unmoved the plaintive cries of this anguished parent, as he mourned for the hopeless fate of his misguided Absalom! (2 Samuel xviii.)

For a single act of vanity, the guilt of which had been remitted by the Almighty, (for it had been bitterly deplored) David was forced to behold the destroying angel dealing death and pestilence throughout the extent of his dominions. Eternal God, how stern is thy justice, how tremendous thy anger! Do we not here find a sufficient proof that God oftentimes pardons sins, and yet enjoins a temporal punishment in satisfaction for those sins? What if David had expired ere yet he had endured the appointed punishment? If in the court of heaven it was decreed that this temporal punishment was to be endured,

could death oppose a barrier to the views and decrees of God?

David was forgiven. The Jews were forgiven; consequently they would not have been consigned to endless torments. Now there is no punishment in heaven, therefore they could not have endured or undergone this their temporal punishment there. Where then? Reason replies, in some third place. Faith replies, in purgatory.

In answering your second question, I shall necessarily be compelled to detain you for some moments. So deeply interesting is the subject, and so entwined around the antiquity of our holy faith, that it would be to do an injury to the subject to pass lightly over it; and indeed I thank you for having given me an opportunity to dwell on this important point. You ask me is not purgatory a late invention, tracing back its origin to the dark ages? Alas! those poor "dark ages" are much abused; and I shall here endeavor to show that they are not to be *blamed* for the *invention* of a purgatory. Indeed, in my last letter you have a tolerable proof in favor of the antiquity of this doctrine. I shall use freely, in reply to this question, the very conclusive arguments of a reverend and esteemed friend of your city, to prove that the Christian Church has always admitted the existence of purgatory. I will here mention a fact on which you have perhaps seldom reflected, and which is so strictly entitled to historical credit, that it will be denied by none, save a theoretical sceptic. At the period when Luther began to inveigh against the Catholic doctrine on sin, justification, indulgences, &c. and was led by a series of false conclusions to deny the existence of purgatory, he was in opposition to every Christian Church then existing, and, as he boasted, was "standing alone" against all the bishops, priests, and faithful of the eastern as well as of the western Church. So general was the indignation roused against his new doctrines, that from every side decrees of condemnation were directed against him, and he was then led to take the final step which consummated the separation between the body of the Church and his followers, a separation which unfortunately lasts yet after several hundred years; this is a fact stamped on the page of history, and which cannot be called in question.

If we pass now to the eastern church, composed of the Greeks, the Eutychians (called also Jacobites from one of their principal men), and of the Nestorians, we will find the same unanimity of belief concerning the existence of purgatory, and the necessity of praying for the dead. True it is that the disciples of Luther, availing themselves at first of the distance of places, the difference of languages, the difficulty of communication, boasted that although the western church was against them, the eastern church, which had been fertilized by the blood of Jesus Christ and the apostles, was for them. But this bold assertion soon turned to their confusion, and brought over positive declarations from those churches, by which it appears that the belief of purgatory was as unanimous amongst them as amongst the faithful in the west.

The belief of the Greeks is manifest from a number of facts; but I will quote only the words of a council held at *Cyprus*, where several bishops had met: "Let him be considered as a heretic who says that there exists not an unbloody sacrifice, truly propitiatory for the sins of the living and the dead." In this declaration the synod condemns principally the assertion of the reformers who deny the existence of a true sacrifice among Christians. But leaving aside this question of sacrifice, which it is not our intention now to prove, it is manifest that the Greeks consider it a heresy to assert that the sacrifice of mass is not propitiatory for the dead. Hence they hold that the dead may be assisted by the oblation of the holy mysteries, and, by a necessary consequence, that there is a purgatory. Now the same council declares, at the end of its decrees, that this is the faith of the four patriarchates of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem; of the Muscovites, of Bulgaria, of Servia, of Myrrhia (both upper and lower), of Epirus, of the Arabians, and of the Egyptians.

Shall we find the same belief among the Eutychians, who form a distinct church, spread to a considerable extent in Assyria,

Armenia, Ethiopia, and Egypt? We have from their patriarchates an authentic declaration, in which they state: "We offer the holy sacrifice of mass in behalf of the sins of the living and of the dead; the same body which was crucified for us, and the same blood which was shed for us on Calvary. Let him who maintains the contrary be anathema."

We have another declaration from the other Christian society in the east, the Nestorians: "We have heard with great surprise that some have calumniated the eastern churches, by falsely asserting that they reject the most adorable mystery of the eucharist. . . . . We offer the sacred body of Jesus Christ, which was crucified for all, and the precious blood which was shed for us, in behalf of the living and of the dead, for the remission of their sins, and the punishment they have deserved."

Now, for the full elucidation of the inference which I intend to draw from these facts, I must remind you of a fact known to all who are even slightly acquainted with ecclesiastical history. The Greeks have been separated from the western Church from the year 890, when disputes (apparently relating to the necessity of using leavened or unleavened bread in the sacrifice of the mass, but in reality the boundless ambition of the patriarchs of Constantinople), led them to the final separation which has since baffled several attempts to restore union between the two churches. It is also known that the Eutychians form a distinct society which separated from the body of the Church at a time when the Greeks and Latins were united in the same belief, and were under the same authority (in 451), when Dioscorus, then patriarch of Constantinople, was condemned by the general council of Chalcedon, held in the same year. Hence they are enemies to the Greeks, and their bitter animosity against them has been increasing for the last fourteen centuries, as several facts prove. In fine, the Nestorians are enemies to the Greeks and the Eutychians, for they broke asunder the bonds of unity in 431, when the Latins, the Greeks, and the Eutychians, were yet united in the same belief. And between the Eutychians and Nestorians there must exist an antipathy so much the greater as they were cut off from the Church at that time, because they fell into heresies diametrically opposed to each other. After this short digression, which will not be found useless, I can with confidence say that the existence of purgatory was universally admitted by all Christians throughout the globe at the time of Luther; and I conclude from this incontestible fact, that such has been the belief of the Church in all ages, from the apostles down to our own days. For it must be granted at first sight, that probability and appearance of reason are on our side; for we did not innovate; we keep the traditions which we received from our fathers. If, then, it be said that purgatory is the offspring of human invention, those who make the wild assertion must prove that a change has taken place in the Christian world since the time of the apostles, and that for their doctrine has been substituted a superstitious dogma. If it be alleged that a change has been made, let solid proofs be given to substantiate the assertion. You must then point out to us clearly the time when the idea of purgatory was introduced into the Church, and by whom it was introduced, and where it originated and thus spread itself to the confines of the earth. You must be able to show the first writings in which mention is made of the place for the expiation of souls after death. Can our opponents solve any of these questions? Can they with all their erudition, give a correct, a satisfactory answer to one of these queries? No, my dear friend.

But I mistake. They say in vague terms that purgatory is a "monkish institution;" and in support of this assertion they add that it savors of the "dark ages!" Shall we believe them on their word? This, my friend, is the general reason of those who have no better reason to oppose; but I am confident that there is no one who cannot easily see that to throw on the "monks," or on the "dark ages," the explanation of a puzzling fact, shows more embarrassment and distrust of their cause, than candor, ingenuity, or honor. But although I might

stand only on the negative, and wait until solid proofs are advanced, and until the name, the country, and the age of that surprising monk be clearly assigned, I go forward and take a higher position. You cannot prove that a change has been made in the Church, while I will prove that no change has taken place; and indeed the impossibility of any change will appear evident to every one if we consider the time and the manner in which this change might have been made.

To render my explanation clearer, and the inference more striking, let me remark that the existence of purgatory is not one of those idle questions for which no person cares,—which may sleep for centuries in the dust of libraries, unheeded and forgotten. No; it is a question eminently practical. It is a question connected with the finest feelings of the human soul, and one which has consequently been always decided in the minds of Christians, either in the affirmative or in the negative. At all times Christians have been called to render the last honors to their parents, relatives, or friends. In this circumstance it is impossible to suppose that they were without any idea on the subject of purgatory. They must have believed either that prayers and good works are beneficial to them, and consequently they will have prayed for them to the Almighty, or that all the customary prayers and expiations were of no use to them, and then they will have abstained from every expiatory act in their behalf.

Such, then, being the case, I say confidently that any change in the belief of Christians concerning the existence of purgatory, is utterly impossible. For at what time between the apostles and the first reformers could the change have been effected? Was it in the time that passed from the separation of the Greek and Roman Churches in 890, down to Luther in the sixteenth century? I assert it was not. If the Roman Church had devised this dogma during the time of the separation, the Greeks would have rejected it, and reproached the Romans or the Latins (for they are the same) with their variations on this subject. The same may be said if purgatory be an invention of the Greeks. Indeed who will persuade himself that two rival churches would have agreed without the smallest shadow of dispute, and without a single dissenting voice on the fiction of purgatory, when we find that the most virulent and bitter discussions have been carried on between them; and on what subject? On any of equal importance to that of the truth of purgatory? No; but simply whether leavened or unleavened bread must be used in the sacrifice of the Christians. And to give you another example of the inclination of the Greeks to admit the ideas of the Latins, it will not be useless to mention the fact that they have constantly refused to admit the Gregorian reformation of the calendar (a reformation, the necessity of which cannot be questioned by any scientific man, and one which has been adopted by Protestant churches), because this reformation was the work of a Roman pontiff; and that they choose to submit even yet to the irregularities of a calendar which will subvert the order of the seasons, and give the spring in the month of January, rather than admit a reasonable regulation of a Pope on a point in which religion is not directly concerned. To assert, then, that the Greeks have borrowed from the Latin monks the idea of purgatory is to be ignorant of the disposition of man; to admit a moral impossibility and to suppose a complete overthrow of the laws of moral order. Was, then, the change introduced between the schism of the Greeks and the separation of the Eutychians? Most assuredly not; for then a spirit of jealous rivalry and envy, subsisted between the Eutychians and the Greeks. Hence the Greeks could not borrow the dogma of purgatory from the Eutychians, nor the Eutychians from the Greeks. In fine, the same argument may be applied with equal force and evidence to the time which elapsed from the separation of the Eutychians to that of the Nestorians, which took place in 431. Hence we find it absolutely impossible that the dogma of purgatory could have been introduced during the last fourteen centuries, and this gives already to the dogma a respectable authority: the unanimous belief

of all Christian churches during fourteen centuries. But I may extend still farther my inferences, and conclude that among the first four centuries the same belief had been as unanimous as it then was. For leaving aside the positive testimonies which I shall soon quote, let us transport ourselves in imagination to that century and ask whether the dogma of purgatory was invented at the time of the separation in 431. Every one will answer no: for had the introduction of that dogma been recent in the Church, one of the two contending parties would have rejected it, and reproached the other with its variations in the faith. Every one who examines the human heart knows how much ingenuity in discovering any real or imaginary wrong is displayed in the contest of two adversaries,—how ardently one wishes to find fault with the other,—with what avidity they seize upon the smallest failing, and too often magnify them into great crimes,—how loudly they disclose their mutual weakness. Hence we can conclude with all possible evidence, had the belief of purgatory been recent at that period, one of the belligerent parties would have immediately rejected it; and, as all generations do not pass away in one day to rise the next, it follows that the belief of purgatory had been, previously to 431, a dogma universally received,—in fine, a dogma coming from the earliest ages of the Church; a dogma directly emanating from the apostles and from Jesus Christ himself.

I have insisted on this argument because it speaks to the mind, alike of the learned and the ignorant; because it does not require the reading of a large number of volumes, because it is resolved into a fact which may be ascertained by every one who has eyes to see, and a judgment to understand. Here our adversaries cannot cavil on the meaning of a text, on the signification of a word, on the properties of foreign languages. The fact that the Latins, the Greeks, the Eutychians, the Nestorians, agree and have always agreed on the dogma of purgatory, is above all such dissensions and objections; and the inference deduced from this universal consent is to every sound and reasonable mind, an incontestible proof that this dogma originated not with men, but that it came down from Jesus Christ, and that it is an essential tenet of Christianity. Here I cannot refrain from an obvious reflection on the adorable views of Providence. Truly God can draw good from evil! There must be error—there must be heresies,—such is the weakness and depravity of the human mind—such its corruption and wickedness. But by a wonderful dispensation of that Divine Being whom every event obeys, those very errors and heresies serve admirably to the accomplishment of the designs of God,—render manifest his protection over his Church, and have no other final effect than to place beyond all doubt some point of doctrine. Thus, against the infidel, who would at some future remote period, deride our sacred volumes, and pretend that they are the work of man, the apologists of Christianity would not fail to answer: "See how great has been the opposition between the Catholics and Protestants,—how many discussions and harsh controversies they have had; see how often they have mutually anathematized each other,—and still both Catholics and Protestants admit the same Bible, receive it with equal respect, and are equally convinced that it comes from the apostles. That argument would be infallible to prove that the Bible has never been fabricated either by Protestants or Catholics; and in the same manner with respect to the dogmas denied by Protestants, and purgatory in particular, we answer the Protestant,—see the unanimity of the Catholics, the Greeks, the Eutychians, and the Nestorians on this doctrine, and then tell us that a "monk" invented this doctrine during the "dark ages" of the Church! A wonderful man indeed this monk must have been, who, in a truly miraculous mission, succeeded first in instilling his opinions among the Latins, then travelled over to the Greeks, whom he found as docile as the Latins, and then undertook to convert the Eutychians, and then the Nestorians, and in a few years made these inveterate antagonists unanimous in admitting an opinion which they had never heard before, and succeeded in uniting the Chris-

tian world in the same belief! For so wonderful an achievement his name at least ought to have been recorded in the annals of history.

Thus I think it clearly demonstrated that any change in this dogma was impossible, if we examine the time when the change might have been made. Let us now examine the manner in which this change might have been effected, and we will also be perfectly satisfied of the impossibility of any alteration. How then, we ask our opponents, was this change effected? Was it a sudden one, or did it come by degrees? Was it sudden? Every nation within the bounds of Christianity was one day fully persuaded that it was superfluous to offer prayers for the dead, and the next day, forsooth, they perform funeral services; they discover Missals and Liturgies with prayers for the dead; they kneel at the tombs of their dear friends and relations to implore the mercy of heaven in their behalf! Such a manner of introducing purgatory, if I may so speak, would be, even in the eyes of our adversaries, still more absurd than is the doctrine itself. It was, then, by degrees. One, for example, began, another followed, another continued, and so the belief became general. But what a strange accumulation of absurdities does not this suppose! There have been at all times pastors of the Church; that is, men whose duties it is to instruct others,—men continually occupied with the doctrine which they preach. Can you then suppose that the doctrine of purgatory stepped into Christianity without the knowledge of the pastors, on a day when every bishop, and priest, and monk, and doctor of the Church was asleep. And if the pastors were aware of the innovation (as in such a case they most certainly must have been), not one reclaimed against it, no one protested against the wicked innovation. All at once, in England, Italy, Germany, France, Asia, and Africa, all bowed down to the new doctrine; and that, notwithstanding their duty which obliged them to oppose the change,—notwithstanding the singularity of the idea of purgatory, and—what must appear very strange even to our adversaries—notwithstanding the emulation, sometimes, perhaps, jealousy which may exist between the different pastors; notwithstanding the different prejudices, habits, customs of the individuals who compose the various nations of Christianity; notwithstanding all this, all the pastors agreed on the institution of purgatory. If some pastors protested, as they must have done, the monuments of their opposition, the discussions which it must have created,—the acts of councils which it must have caused to be assembled,—the writings for and against,—every thing, in a word, has perished, even the name of the extraordinary monk who succeeded so wonderfully in palming off upon mankind his own fanciful ideas, as the doctrines of the Church of Christ!

If we admit the first of these absurdities, by a necessary consequence we must also admit that the pastors of the Church became all suddenly deaf and blind, or were buried in sleep for half a century. The second amounts to this: that the bishops remained for a whole generation deprived of the use of speech. And the third would lead us to suppose that a new deluge had desolated the earth during the "dark ages."

Thus our opponents are forced to make their choice between three palpable absurdities: either the pastors did not perceive the introduction of the new doctrine, or perceiving it they did not oppose it, or having opposed it, the new dogma prevailed, notwithstanding, and all the monuments of their zeal have perished! Once more, I affirm, it is easier and plainer to admit the existence of purgatory than to admit either of these ruinous hypotheses.

Our opponents often speak of the dark ages, and seem to suppose that men were then so brutified that any individual bold enough to raise his voice was believed as an oracle. Without examining here how far those ages which they call dark are entitled to that epithet, I assert with confidence that if they deserve that name so injurious, it was not because men were then predisposed to admit every thing at random; but they should be called dark, if at all, for the very opposite disposition: that is, for a propensity to quarrel on trifles, to cavil

about mere words. If it were necessary to quote any example, the following, among numerous others, might be adduced: "Whether a mendicant be the owner of the food he eats or not!" On this subject, trifling as it must to all appear, whole volumes were written, warm discussions were maintained, and many bitter feelings were excited. And yet, forsooth, our opponents would fain persuade us, that without any discussion, without any opposition, the new fangled doctrine of purgatory, that wild chimera of a monkish brain, that new offspring of ignorance and bold usurpation, in which not only religion, but every family, every single individual was concerned, passed into the Church unnoticed, and was universally and suddenly admitted, as if by magic influence! Surely you, my dear friend, cannot admit this absurdity.

After what has been said, it is unnecessary for me to dwell long upon your third question; that is, on the utility of prayers for the dead. From nearly every text adduced, it follows as a plain and necessary consequence, that, as there exists a purgatory, so also the prayers of the faithful on earth are available for the souls therein detained. Does not the book of Machabees, on which we dwelt at some length in our first part, expressly say, "It is, therefore, a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins?"

Thus from the custom of the Jews in those days, in the days of Jesus Christ, and even of the present day, we conclude that it is "a holy and wholesome thought to pray" for those who are slumbering in the lowly grave. The texts deduced from antiquity, the universal custom of the Christian Church at all times, in all places,—the positive quotations from St. Augustine,—the history of his mother's death and burial,—of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor, of all of which we shall now speak, and, in fact, the express testimonies of our separating brethren,—all prove beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it is indeed "a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." Nay, so congenial to human nature is this pious custom, that the first impulse of an anguished heart, as we kneel and weep at the grave or coffin of a departed parent, friend, or child, is: "May God have taken you to his own bosom, spirit of the departed one!" We naturally breathe forth a gentle sigh, a tender wish that the day of trial is over, and that God has enthroned the soul in bliss beyond the grave. Thus, then, although such a one may never have heard the word purgatory, he substantially admits and practices its belief.

But are there no other monuments of antiquity to prove that the early Christians prayed for the dead, and therefore that they admitted a purgatory? Of the many I find, you shall have a few, and for others let me refer you to the work, I think, you tell me you now have, "Milner's End of Controversy," subject purgatory; to the second volume of the "Amicable Discussion," and to the valuable work just published from the classic pen of Dr. Pise, &c.

St. John Chrysostom, who lived three hundred years after the age of the apostles, and who it must be admitted, was at least as well able to know the doctrine as we are, in his third homily on the first chapter of Philippians, has the following significant words: "It was not without good reason, ordained by the apostles that mention should be made of the dead in the tremendous mysteries, because they knew well these would receive great benefit from it." Does it not here appear, that in that early age, the dead were mentioned by the faithful Christians, and that by the ordinance of the apostles? But to advance nearer the apostolic age, Tertullian, in his work concerning Widowhood, chapter ten, thus speaks of a pious widow. "She prays for the soul of her husband, and begs refreshment for him." Here then we find the same done even in the age next to the apostles. In the age immediately succeeding, flourished St. Cyprian, who, among several others, speaking of the difference of some souls after death, has in book fourth, chapter second, these words: "It is one thing to be waiting for pardon, another to attain to glory; one thing to be sent to *prison, not to go out from*

thence till the last farthing is paid. Another to receive *immediately* the rewards of faith and virtue. One thing to suffer lengthened torments for sin, and to be chastised and purified for a long time in that fire; another to have cleansed all sin by suffering." Can words be more express than these, to prove the belief of purgatory in those early days? Why need I swell my letter, by quoting the authorities of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, of St. Ambrose, St. Epiphanius, St. Jerome, and St. Augustin?—and yet I cannot permit myself to pass thus rapidly over this latter father, the illustrious bishop of Hippo in Africa. In his one hundred and seventy-second sermon he has these words:—"Through the prayers and sacrifices of the Church, God deals more mercifully with the departed than their sins deserve." Who can read the affecting recital of the death of St. Monica, the heroic mother of St. Augustin, without melting into tears. Behold her, near threescore years of age, after so many toils and painful labors, now rewarded by a merciful God in the conversion of her wandering and misguided son. She sees him a Christian, a Catholic, devoted to the service of the sanctuary, and clothed in the sacred robes of the priesthood; unable to restrain the inward workings of her soul, she raises her feeble hands in prayer, and with what little strength is yet left her, she bursts forth into this beautiful exclamation. "Son, there is nothing more in this life that affords me any delight; what I have to do here any longer, or why I am here I know not, all my hopes in this world being now at an end; the only thing for which I desired to live was, that I might see you a Catholic, and a child of heaven. God has done more, and much more, in that I see you now despising all earthly things, and entirely devoted to his service. What further business have I here?" Five days after, expressing herself in this same pious manner, she feels the hand of death upon her. String after string of her maternal heart is broken asunder, and 'ere the last chord is severed, a mother's love still strengthening that heart, stays for a moment the work of dissolution. At her bedside kneels her weeping son, her long lost, but now repentant Austin, and as she raises her pallid hand, to impart a dying mother's blessing, draw near and hear her parting words: "Lay this body anywhere, be not concerned for that; the only thing I ask of you both is, that you make remembrance of me, at the altar of God wherever you are." She droops, and calmly expires, and the eyes which had so long and so often wept the bitter tears of maternal anguish, but which had lately beamed with joy at his conversion, were closed in death by the hand of Augustin. She was carried to the grave, and as was then the custom, before the corpse was lowered to its narrow house, the sacred mysteries, aye the *holy Mass* was offered for her repose; this done, the weeping attendants consign her to her grave. Till now Augustin had suppressed his tears, but when alone by all unseen, save his God, and the sainted spirit of his departed mother, he burst into a flood of tears, and found relief for his troubled soul. The thought of her kind affection, and his own former ingratitude, of her pious instructions and his cruel recklessness; of the tears she had shed for her wandering son, and the days, the years of anguish he had caused her. Oh, who would not weep with him! When such a son weeps for such a mother, angels might mingle their tears in kindred sympathy, to blot from his memory the history of the past. In his "Book of Confessions," (ix, 11, 12, 13), from which I have translated this account of Monica's death, he thus expresses himself: "If any one think it a sin that I thus wept for my mother, some small part of an hour; and for a mother who had many years wept for me, that I might live to thy eyes O Lord! let him not deride me for it, but rather, if his charity be great, let him weep also for my sins before thee." In compliance with her last request, he assures us in his same Book of Confessions, (ix. 13), that he always prayed for his mother's soul, and he exhorts Almighty God, to inspire with the same idea all who read his book. Does not this show, at this early age, the admission of a third place, some middle state, where the souls therein detained might be benefitted by the prayers of

the living? Why stop to relate the dying injunction of Constantine the great, the first Christian emperor? "Bury me at the entrance of the Church, that all entering to pay their vows, seeing my grave, may be reminded to pray for Constantine." Why pray for him or St. Monica? If they were in heaven, they needed not prayers, if they were in hell, prayers could be of no avail to them; therefore they must have believed in that middle state where they could be benefitted by the prayers of the living. But why confine ourselves to antiquity? Does not Luther on more than one occasion, admit purgatory to be founded on Scripture? See his Book, Assertiones, article thirty-seventh, dispute at Leipsic. Does not Melancthon openly confess that the Ancients prayed for the dead, and that the *Lutherans do not find fault with it?* Does not Calvin yield even much more than truth or consistency requires, since he admits that all the faithful are detained in the bosom of Abraham till the last day, thus maintaining a universal purgatory? Whereas, the Catholic believes, and finds great comfort in the belief, that many, very many pious souls pass immediately from this world to heaven, without any defilement, and consequently without any delay. Is it not a surprisingly strange fact, that in the first liturgy of the Church of England, drawn up by the celebrated Cranmer, and which was declared by *act of parliament to have been framed by inspiration of the Holy Ghost,* there is an express prayer for the dead, that "God would grant them mercy and everlasting peace?" Examine Collier's history, and you will find that Bishop Andrews, Usher, Montague, Sheldon, Forbes, Taylor, Barrow of St. Asaph's, and Blanford, all taught, that prayers for the dead were not alone *lawful,* but *necessary.* Have you not more than once read in the published meditations of the pious Dr. Johnson, his beautiful and melting prayer for his deceased wife's soul? In a word, so congenial, so consoling is this belief to the reason, and the soul of man, that even the pagans of old admitted its existence. Plato in his philosophy, and *Virgil* in his sixth Æneid, as well as that arch demon Mahomet in his Koran, all tell us of a probationary state of existence after death. As the last instance I shall note, I will refer you to the present controversy between the followers of Dr. Pusey in Oxford, who are from him called Puseyites, and the other divines of the Church of England at present going on relative to the *real presence* and *purgatory.* You will find that even in Oxford, the bulwark of Protestantism, truth has flashed conviction upon the minds of several of her most able professors, whose example has been imitated by *seven hundred* of the ministers of the established Church. Even in a late ordination in London, of fourteen candidates for Protestant ordination, *seven* were acknowledged Puseyites; these my good friend are facts all of which have happened within the past three years, and for their truth, I refer you to the well written articles, both original and extracted from English papers on the Oxford Tracts, which have been published, among others, in the present volume of the Catholic Herald of Philadelphia.

But a truce to hostilities. Let the calumut of peace pass round. With my examination of Scriptural proofs, and other grounds for the truth of our belief in purgatory, I have now done. At the outset I promised to prove, that not only the Bible taught this doctrine, but that it was dictated by reason, and taught by antiquity, and by Protestant authority of the highest standing. I have hastily, yet honestly done so, as far as the limits of an epistolary correspondence would allow, with you it remains to form your own decision, you are an accountable being, and must one day render an account of the use you have made of those reasoning faculties God has so plentifully given you. I have here but sketched the picture; in Catholic books you will find the filling up, the background, the shades, and finishing strokes; yet the little that I have here said, will, I trust, induce you to examine the subject. Investigate this cheering, this consoling doctrine, which serves as a connecting link, between the slumbering, honored dead, and the weeping pious living. Ask faith of God of whom alone it can be obtained, and then you too, like

the fervent child of the Catholic Church, will taste the sweet consolation of that doctrine, which teaches him, that though death may tear from his arms a parent, a sister, a brother, friend, spouse, or child, it can never dissolve that sweet "communion of saints," which serves as a channel of communication between the living and the departed; that he can still assist the departed object of his affection, and propitiate the mercies of heaven in its regard. When in all the anguish of a widow or an orphan she kneels at the grave of one whom once she loved, and who once loved her, and hears in spirit the departed one addressing her in the plaintive words of Job: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, Oh you my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me." (Job xix, 21.) Oh how consoling, how heavenly, the belief, that around the grave of the slumbering dead, fond angels keep their friendly watch, to bear to heaven our fervent prayers in their behalf! that the guardian angel that watched around their cradle, now hovers o'er the slumberers' graves, and as in the lonely, silent city of the dead, the mourner kneels, and weeps, and prays, that rest eternal may be given them, and light perpetual shine upon their souls; the recording angel dips his pen in the falling tear, and with it writes the pardon of the dead! Oh! if this be illusion, if all the arguments before adduced be illusion, let us remain in that illusion, disturb it not, 'tis consoling to the living, 'tis sacred to the dead.

Yours, &c.

Washington, D. C. J. P. Donelan.

AD POPULUM, OR THEOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE.

NO. II.

RELIGIOUS INQUIRY.

ACCORDING to the words of an apostle, we should "always be ready to satisfy every one that asketh a reason of that hope which is in us," (1 Pet. iii): and therefore, as Christians, we are not dispensed from the obligation of adhering to our faith on rational grounds; or in other words, our faith, to be acceptable in the eyes of heaven, must be founded on motives of credibility, capable of determining and satisfying a sincere and unbiassed mind. Our divine Saviour did not reproach the Jews with the sin of infidelity, because they refused to acknowledge him as the Messiah, but because they persisted in their unbelief, in despite of the glaring evidences that established his heavenly mission. Had they not witnessed this evidence or learned it from unquestionable testimony, they would not have drawn upon themselves the curse of God. We also should be excusable, if we had never been enlightened on the subject of religion; but having learned from childhood the truths of salvation, our convictions having been strengthened by education, our minds satisfied of the obligation to believe, we would culpably disregard this precious talent confided to our cultivation, did we neglect the means of rendering it unshaken in our minds; we would dishonor the gift of faith, we would expose it to the encroachments of human fancy, we would subject it to the vagaries of our feeble intellect or the desires of our rebellious hearts, if we did not attend to the grounds on which it claims our submission. Like the pilot heedless of the beacon-light that tells him to beware of the rocks and shoals in his way, we would enjoy no security from the dangers that surround us, we would be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, and ultimately perhaps be swallowed up in the vortex of universal scepticism. Thus did the apostle of the Gentiles warn his followers not to confide too much in themselves, nor to

imagine that their faith was too firm to be overthrown. He calls upon them in every page of his writings to hold fast that which they had learned; but at the same time he bids them fear lest they be deprived of this saving knowledge, by listening more to the suggestions of pride than to the principles which he had so zealously inculcated. The Christian of the present day has similar dangers to apprehend. He is not more firmly anchored in the haven of truth, than they who arrived there under the skilful direction of the apostles. It behooves him, therefore, as the follower of Christ, to appreciate the inestimable blessing conferred upon him by the communication of revealed truth, and to secure the possession of this invaluable treasure, not only by a practical attention to its moral excellencies, but also by the consideration of the brilliant characters which show forth its celestial origin. In this way he will offer to God, a "reasonable service," as the apostle expresses it (Rom. xii), the edifice of his sanctification will be reared upon a solid basis; the homage of his virtuous deeds will ascend more frequently and more fervently to the Almighty, as the intellectual eye that directs it, beholds more clearly the beautiful economy of religion, and the high destiny of its votaries. Our religion does not shrink from examination; her tenets do not fear the test of rational criticism. She appears before men with confidence arrayed in that grace and beauty with which her Divine Author has invested her, and invites all to the enjoyment of the blessings which she has been commissioned to distribute. "Come to me all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits. For my spirit is sweet above honey, and my inheritance above honey and the honeycomb. . . . He that hearkeneth to me shall not be confounded, and they that work by me shall not sin. They that explain me shall have life everlasting." (Eccl. xxiv, 26.) Such is the elevated office, such the consoling influence of our holy faith. Decked with these heavenly ornaments, she dreads not the scrutiny of man.

It is true, we hear it sometimes asserted that the policy of the Catholic hierarchy and of the priesthood, is to shackle the mind of the people, and to restrain that freedom of thought which is necessary to a fair and successful investigation of religious truth; that the fabric of the Church could not withstand the test of close and legitimate argument. But let them who were once our adversaries, wipe away this unjust imputation. Every where around us are individuals of cultivated minds and high standing in society, who were taught from their infancy to look upon Catholicity as a hideous mass of error and superstition, whose prejudices were confirmed by education, and raised an almost insurmountable barrier to a subsequent change of opinion. By what motives have they since been induced to adopt the principles of Catholicism? They were not fettered by any undue influence; they were perfectly qualified to discern the weakness of our cause; and yet they have embraced it, in spite of every opposition calculated to stagger their resolution. They have embraced it, after having exerted their utmost ingenuity to persuade themselves that their former ideas of religion were well grounded, and could not be exchanged for more satisfactory views. Our religion presented nothing flattering to human nature; it did not promise to allow them the privilege of believing whatever pleased their fancy or interest; it did not open before them a wider sphere of pleasure and amusement. On the contrary, it threatened to impose a greater restraint on the pride and passions of their hearts; it presented the cross of Christ as the summary of our faith, and the symbol of our morality, that cross which "was a stumbling block to the Jews, and to the Gentiles foolishness, but to them who are called, the wisdom and the power of God." (1 Cor. i.) It spoke of fasts and privations, of various good works, of disclosing their sins to a frail being like themselves; and if they adopted it with such a prospect before them, they must have been actuated by the strongest and highest motives.

We repeat it, that faith which has numbered among its votaries the most distinguished champions of Christianity, which elicited the admiration and commanded the

obedience of the Ambroses, the Chrysostoms, the Augustins; that faith which during fifteen hundred years may be said to have held the proprietorship of the vast domains of literature and science, and which since that period has always exhibited within its communion, an amount of intelligence and learning, unsurpassed if equalled by the other sections of the Christian world, can proudly challenge the most rigid tests of philosophy; the more closely we examine its claims to orthodoxy, the more solid and indisputable will they appear; the more deeply we penetrate into its system of morality, the more clearly will we discover, that the spirit of the Catholic Church is the spirit of him who promised "to be with her all days to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii.)

This assertion may perhaps have the appearance of presumption in the eyes of those who are but superficially acquainted with the tenets of our holy religion; nor is it a matter of surprise that they should entertain this idea, since they have never applied themselves seriously to the examination of our doctrines. We do not censure them for the erroneous opinions they may have innocently formed of our belief, nor are we so uncharitable as to suppose that they are unwilling to form an impartial estimate of Catholic principles. With this disposition, let them judge of our doctrines and sentiments, in the same way by which they ascertain the opinions and principles of a politician who aspires to some responsible station in the public gift. In relation to his real opinions, they do not depend on vague reports or the discrepant assertions of his adversaries; they are guided by his public declarations. All must admit that this is the course which reason dictates. Has it ever been conceded by any legislator or philanthropist, whose name adorns the record of human greatness, that an individual should be taxed with opinions different from those which he openly professes, when he has no possible interest in concealing his real sentiments? If this were the case, where would be the respect of one man for another? Where would be the security of commercial transactions? Where would be the bonds of social intercourse? Were the moral world regulated by such a principle, it would soon present but a vast scene of confusion and disorder, of anarchy and strife; a chaos of right and wrong. We should become like the savage inhabitants of the forest, the mortal enemies of each other; public order would be civil war, domestic happiness would be but an empty name. But if sincerity and its daughter veracity are at any time entitled to our respect, they certainly claim it in questions of a religious nature, in the exposition of which we have every inducement to state the truth, and every thing to fear from its concealment: for "he who shall be ashamed of me and my words," says our Divine Saviour, "of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his glory." (Luke ix, 26.) If a Catholic desires to acquaint himself with the doctrine of the Episcopal Church, or that of some other Christian denomination, he consults the "Book of Common Prayer;" or the acknowledged standards of the society, whose creed he is investigating. It would not be fair or charitable in such a case, to request information concerning these particular societies of Christians, from individuals who for instance had been expelled from those societies, and whose personal disgrace might bias them in the statement of their principles. The Protestant would be chargeable with the same want of justice, were he to rely on the assertions of a clergyman who had been dismissed from the communion of the Catholic Church.

We have already had occasion to remark that our religion does not fear the scrutiny of the honest and impartial observer; on the contrary, it glories in its noble prerogatives, and perfectly satisfied with them, it never interferes with the privileges of any other system. Wretched and forlorn indeed would we consider her, if she had no better mark of excellence, than the abuse of all around her. Well might we suspect her of being a false guide, did she inculcate such a spirit or such a course of action. Hence, if her dignity is insulted; if her authority is contemned; if her institutions are vilified; if her principles are declared to be at

variance with the rights of God and man; how does she retaliate? Does she call upon her ministers to rival the scurrilous and vituperative language of their opponents? Do her pulpits resound with the retortion of unjust imputations? No; she holds not the doctrine, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" but "love your enemies; do good to them who hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." (Matt. v.) She understands full well the honor of suffering with her divine author, and however formidable may be the strength arrayed against her, however violent may be the assaults of her adversaries, she always pours forth in their behalf, that prayer of charity consecrated by the lips of our common Saviour; "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." (Luke xxiii.)

Her spirit of forbearance however may not always check the torrent of misrepresentation: it will therefore be necessary for those who desire to possess themselves of the truth, to learn it from such as are competent to impart it. "Let no one, says an apostle, seduce you by vain words," (Eph. v, 6), and under the garb of religious zeal, withhold from you that knowledge which you have a right to acquire. We are elsewhere cautioned by the Saviour, to beware of false prophets, who will tell us, "here is Christ, and there," and will assume so dictatorial a tone and put on so sanctimonious an air, as "to lead into error, if it were possible, even the elect themselves," (Matt. xxiv.) "By their fruits, however, you shall know them." From the charges which they have brought against the Catholic Church, and which any one may discover to be either the offspring of ignorance or imposture, it will be easy to pronounce upon their incompetency as religious guides.

Sincerity is an indispensable condition in the examination of religious truth. The object of the inquirer must be, not to indulge an idle curiosity, not to amuse the fancy, but to satisfy the mind, and by a comparison of the arguments advanced on one side with the objections alleged on the other, to decide their respective merits. It may be asked, whether an individual is justifiable in renouncing the impressions imbibed from his early years, and adopting those which appear to him more consonant to the principles of sound reason? In answer to this query, it would be sufficient to observe that the primitive Christians were all converts either from Judaism or idolatry, and consequently they were all obliged to abandon the notions that had been instilled into their minds under the parental roof. If other circumstances have combined to shut out from us the genial light of truth, would we not be equally obliged to welcome its gladdening rays, so soon as the mercy of God permitted it to shed its lustre upon the soul? God has the same aversion for error that he entertains for vice. He is the God of truth as well as of sanctity; and he must necessarily reprobate the folly and infatuation of those who, knowing the truth, refuse to honor it by the testimony of their respect and obedience.

To avoid this condemnation we must dismiss those prejudices which the circumstances of birth and education may oppose to the exercise of our better judgment. We learn from the divine founder of Christianity, that when "the eye is simple, the whole body is lightsome," (Matt. vi), but if the sight is defective, every thing is wrapt in obscurity. Let the eye of the soul, therefore, be undimmed by the mists, which interest, or pleasure, or human respect may raise up before it: let the passions be silenced; and we shall listen with advantage to the teachings of truth. We cannot too much guard against the causes which may bias our minds. Who would have suspected the sincerity and fervor of that interesting young man in the Gospel, on whom the Saviour cast a benignant smile? Who would not have been inclined to consider him already a devoted follower of Christ, when he asked, "Good Master, what good shall I do that I may have life everlasting?" (Matt. xix): but the Gospel assures us that, having heard the answer to his question, "he went away sorrowful: for he was the proprietor of large possessions." He then who has discovered the truth, should not hesitate to embrace it in defiance

of every consideration that flesh and blood may suggest, to dissuade him from such a course. We have but one soul to save; and "what will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Matt. xvi.) The grace of God, if earnestly implored, will always lead the sincere inquirer to profess, what it has previously enabled him to discover. To believe, is not the result merely of intellectual research. The apostle assures us that "we are not sufficient to think any thing of ourselves, as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is from God," (2 Cor. iii, 5); and in another portion of his writings he informs us that "by grace we are saved through faith; and this not of ourselves, for it is the gift of God." (Eph. ii, 8.)

MISSIONS AT THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

NO. III.

THE following letters from the missionaries of Oregon, one of which has been borrowed from the *Indian Sketches*, the other from the *Catholic Cabinet*, will inform the reader of the progress and actual conditions of the missions in that distant country.

"FORT VANCOUVER, *28th Sept.* 1841.

"REV. FATHER:

"Blessed be the divine providence of the all-powerful God, who has protected, preserved, and restored you safely to your dear neophytes.

"I congratulate the country upon the inestimable treasure it possesses by the arrival and establishment therein of the members of the Society of Jesus. Be so kind as to express to the reverend fathers and brothers my profound veneration and respect for them. I beg of God to bless your labors, and to continue your successful efforts. In a few years you will enjoy the glory and consolation of beholding through your means all the savages residing on the head waters of the Columbia, ranging themselves under the standard of the cross. I do not doubt but that our excellent governor, Dr. McLaughlin, will give you all the assistance in his power. It is very fortunate for our holy religion, that this noble-hearted man should be at the head of the affairs of the honorable Hudson Bay Company, west of the Rocky Mountains. He protected it before our arrival in these regions. He still gives it his with business. The savages apply to us support by word and example, and many favors. As we are in the same country, aiming at the same end, namely, the triumph of the holy Catholic faith throughout this vast territory, the Rev. Mr. Demers and myself will always take the most lively interest in your welfare and progress, and we are convinced that whatever concerns us will equally interest you. The following is an account of our present situation.

"The Catholic establishment of Wallamette consists of nearly eighty families; the one at Cowlitz of only five; twenty-two at Nez-quale on Puget-sund, which is from twenty-five to thirty leagues above Cowlitz. Besides these stations we visit from time to time the nearest forts where the Catholics in the service of the Hudson Bay Company reside. This is what takes up almost all our time. We are much in want of lay brothers and nuns, of school masters and mistresses. We have to attend to every spiritual as well as temporal affair, which is a great burden to us. The wives of the Canadians, taken from every quarter of the country, cause throughout the families a diversity of languages. They speak almost generally a rude jargon of which we can scarcely make any use in our public instructions—hence proceed the obstacles to our progress,—we go along slowly. We are obliged to teach them French and their catechism together, which occasions much delay. We are really overwhelmed

from all sides. Some of them are indifferent, and we have not time to instruct them. We make them occasionally hasty visits, and baptize the children and the adults who happen to be in danger of death. But we have no time to learn their languages, and until now have been without an interpreter to translate the prayers we wish them to learn. It is only lately that I have succeeded in translating them into the Tchinoux language. Our difficulties are greatly increased by this variety of languages; each of the following tribes has a different dialect: the Kalapouyas, towards the head waters of the Wallamette; the Tchinoux of the Columbia river; the Kaijous from Wallawalla; the Pierced Noses, Okanaganes, Flat Heads, Snakes, Cowlitz, the Klickatates, from the interior, north of Vancouver; the Tcheheles, to the north of the mouth of the Columbia river; the Nezquales, and those from the interior or of Puget-sund bay, those of the Travers river, the Khalams of the above mentioned bay, those of Vancouver Island, and those from the northern posts on the sea-shore, and from the interior of the part of the country watered by the tributary streams of the Travers river, all have their different languages.

"Such are the difficulties we have daily to overcome. Our hearts bleed at the sight of so many souls who are lost under our eyes, without our being able to carry to them the word of life. Moreover, our temporal resources are limited. We are but two, and our trunks did not arrive last spring by the vessel belonging to the honorable Hudson Bay Company. We have exhausted our means. The savages, women and children, ask us in vain for rosaries. We have no more catechisms of the diocess left to distribute among them; no English prayer books for the Catholic Irish; no controversial books to lend. Heaven appears to be deaf to our prayers, supplications, and most ardent wishes. You can judge of our situation and how much we are to be pitied. We are in the meantime surrounded by sects who are using all their efforts to scatter every where the poisonous seeds of error, and who try to paralyze the little good we may effect.

"The Methodists are, first, at Wallamette, which is about eight miles from my establishment; second, near the Klatraps, south of the mouth of the Columbia river; third, at Nez Quali, or Puget-sund; fourth, at the Great Dulles, south of Wallawalla; and fifth, at Wallamette Falls. The Presbyterian missions are at Wallawalla, as you approach Coleville. In the midst of so many adversaries we try to keep our ground firmly; to increase our numbers, and to visit various parts, particularly where the danger is most pressing. We also endeavor to anticipate the others, and to inculcate the Catholic principles in those places where error has not as yet found a footing, or even to arrest the progress of evil, to dry it up at its source. The conflict has been violent, but the savages now begin to open their eyes as to who are the real ministers of Jesus Christ. Heaven declares itself in our favor. If we had a priest to hold a permanent station amongst the savages, the country would be ours in two years. The Methodist missions are failing rapidly; they are losing their credit and the little influence they possessed. By the grace of God, our cause has prevailed at Wallamette. This spring, Mr. Demers withdrew from the Methodists, a whole village of savages, situate at the foot of the Wallamette Falls. Mr. Demers also visited the Schinouks, below the Columbia river. They are well disposed towards Catholicity. I have just arrived from Carcader, which is eighteen leagues from Vancouver. The savages at this place had resisted all the insinuations of a pretended minister. It was my first mission, and only lasted ten days. They learned in that time the sign of the cross, the offering of their hearts to God, the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, the Apostle's Creed, the Ten Commandments, and those of the Church. I intend to revisit them soon, near Vancouver, and to baptize a considerable number. Rev. Mr. Demers has been absent these two months, on a visit to the savages at the bay of Puget-sund, who have long since besought him to come amongst them. I have not been able to visit since the month of May, my catechumens at Flackimar, a

village whose people were converted last spring, and who had turned a deaf ear to a Mr. Waller, who is established at Wallamette. Judge, then, sir, how great are our labors, and how much it would advance our mutual interest, were you to send hither one of your reverend fathers, with one of the three lay brothers. In my opinion, it is on this spot that we must seek to establish our holy religion. It is here that we should have a college, convent, and schools. It is here that one day a successor of the apostles will come from some part of the world to settle,* and provide for the spiritual necessities of this vast region, which, moreover, promises such an abundant harvest. Here is the field of battle where we must in the first place gain the victory. It is here that we must establish a beautiful mission. From the lower stations the missionaries and reverend fathers could go forth in all directions to supply the distant stations, and announce the word of God to the infidels still plunged in darkness and the shadows of death. If your plans should not permit you to change the place of your establishment, at least take into consideration the need in which we stand of a reverend father and of a lay brother, to succor us in our necessities. By the latest dates from the Sandwich Islands, I am informed that the Rev. Mr. Chochure had arrived there, accompanied by three priests; the Rev. Mr. Walsh making the fourth. A large Catholic church, it was hoped, would have been ready last autumn for the celebration of the holy mysteries. The natives were embracing our everlasting faith in great numbers, and the meeting houses were almost abandoned.

"The bishop of Juliopolis, stationed at Red River, writes to me that the savages dwelling near the base of the eastern part of the Rocky Mountains have deputed to him a half blood who resides amongst them, to obtain from his grace a priest to instruct them. Rev. Mr. Thibault is destined for this mission.

"I remain, Rev. Father, yours,

"F. N. BLANCHET."

* We learn that Rev. Mr. Blanchet, the writer of this letter, has been appointed vicar apostolic of the Oregon Territory.

Extract of a letter, dated Fort Alexandria, 11th February, 1843, and addressed to Rev. Father DeSmet, by Rev. M. Demers, a Canadian clergyman, occupied in the missions of Oregon.

"On the 29th July, 1842, I left Fort Okanagan with the company under the command of the estimable Peter Ogden, Esq.; three days after I had the pleasure of receiving your letter, written with a pencil, from the hands of the chief Okanagan, whom you have perhaps seen and whom we call the 'Great Young Man.' We learn, by information received from *les Chaudieres*, that you saw the missionaries who came to the prairies; others have arrived by the lake; and three weeks after our departure, two French priests came in the boat belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. Yesterday I was at the fork of the Okanagan, where I was grieved to find so few marks of your visit in the spring: even the sign of the cross has been nearly forgotten. The two adults, whom you baptized came to see me in good health. Having camped there I baptized twenty-eight children, six of whom had been at Okanagan. On the 10th August I arrived at Cameloups. The neighboring savages having seen that a '*black gown*' had come to visit them assembled in great numbers. You cannot imagine the transports of joy and delight by which these poor savages showed the pleasure they took at seeing a priest; but I could remain only a short time with them, during which I taught them to make the sign of the cross, and baptized several. On leaving them I gave them crosses with their names written upon them. On the 10th the company took up its line of march for this place. Along the route I saw a great many savages, who, having heard of my arrival, came to meet me at different places. This alone makes known to us their disposition and the desire which they have to be instructed in the things of heaven. A great number of children had the happiness to receive the grace of baptism. On the 24th I crossed the river Frazer, after a fatiguing march of twenty-six days on horseback. It was at the fort I expected to pass the winter, but having an opportunity

to visit the most advanced posts in the interior of the country, by taking passage, through the kindness of Mr. Ogden, in the wagons which took the merchandize destined for those forts, I came back upon the Frazer, a river, in comparison with which, the Columbia has nothing frightful, although the former is much less in size. I arrived at Fort George on the 6th of September, where I saw but few Indians, as they had not received information in sufficient time to assemble. Few only were baptized. The company reached the end of its long travels on the 16th at Nanakazelo, otherwise called Stewart's Lake, which is thirty-five miles long and eight or twelve wide. I was ten hundred and fifty miles from Vancouver; my only company was to be three young men, and my only means of conveyance a barge which was to be built within three days. At other places the savages have shown better dispositions, but I made use of this short space of time in pointing out the principal disorders which existed among them, and in teaching them to make the sign of the cross. On leaving them I gave them the right to hope that they would soon see among them other interpreters of their father, for this is the name which they gave to me, and that these would remain a long time with them, so as to teach them all their duties. Loaded down with the attentions and politeness of Mr. Ogden, after having baptized twenty-five children, white and black, I left Stewart's Lake the 19th, and on the 24th I was at this place. You can learn the rapidity of the waters from the time which my descent occupied. Some days after, I went to visit Tchilkoteux. It was a journey of three days. They soon assembled, and during the sixteen days that I passed among them, I taught them the prayers as far as the commandments, including these. At the same time, I gave them a general idea of our holy religion by means of my *Catholic ladder*. A young man showed a prodigious memory—he learned the Ave Maria in two hours, and the six first articles of the creed in one hour. Having made them capable of making use of the beads, I gave a set to the chief. Returning on the 27th of October, I commenced to teach the prayers to my Staoten. By the 20th of November they knew as far as the commandments, and by the 9th of December they were able to chaunt six canticles, even the little children of five or six years old. Thus we see how capable they are of learning, and how much they promise for religion, when grace shall have reformed their manners and changed their habits. This will not be the work of a day, for much is to be reformed. Though polygamy is rare, the marriage bond is easily broken. Frightful debaucheries exist among both sexes, and as elsewhere, the women are corrupted by the whites. They have often killed their children to conceal their customs. Their language is difficult to pronounce, and their letters unlike those of the other nations, which I have known. So much for the Porteurs. The Atnaus are a nation of about five hundred souls. They are divided into four camps, extending along the river. They have as much to be reformed as the Porteurs; their language is essentially different, and the pronunciation of it discouraging at least to me. It has some resemblance to the Okanagan. I have already a good *stock* of work. It increases every day.

"I have now passed twenty days among the Atnaus. Following the example of the Porteurs, they have built a chapel forty feet in length, and nineteen in width. They have given not less hope than the Porteurs, that they will soon become a precious portion of the flock of Jesus Christ. They have learned the same prayers, but only five canticles. The number of baptisms amount to four hundred and thirty-six, of whom three adults, who were in danger of death. You see, my reverend father, what I can at present do for the savages. It is only a weak commencement; but the field is open and ready for you. You learn by these details that the work is too great for one laborer, and that the demand for others is a pressing one. At a day's journey from this place I have found a prairie, containing about two thousand five hundred acres of land, one-third of which is very good. The frosts, which injure the corn here, do not the same injury there. They have a beautiful place

for a mill, and wood is abundant. A neighboring lake furnishes excellent fish in the spring, and there is a little river which crosses the prairie. The land here is certainly inferior, but it produces good barley, corn, potatoes and other vegetables. Dry salmon affords us our principal nourishment. This prairie is but three hours walk from the river Frazer, where is situated the largest camp of the Atnaus."

Of the Canadian secular clergy, Rev. Messrs. Blanchet, Demers, and two others, principally attend the various forts of the English Hudson Bay Company; and several Jesuits of the province of France have lately left Montreal for Oregon Territory, to labor among the Indians *north* of the Columbia river; whilst the Jesuits of Missouri take charge of the Indian missions *south* of the same river and on the Rocky Mountains.

A MORNING HYMN.

BY PROF. WALTER.

Awake, my soul, with early day,
And like the flowers, thy life renew;
More sweetly shines morn's infant ray,
Thus trembling mid the morning dew.

Soar with yon matin bird on high,
Whose joyous song salutes the morn;
Thy orisons shall pierce the sky
Aloft by ministering angels borne.

Thy humble prayer shall entrance win,
Tempered at once by hopes and fears;
If Jesu's eye behold thy sin,
Oh be it only through thy tears!

PRASCOVIA, OR FILIAL PIETY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

A TRUE STORY.

Concluded from page 694.

PRASCOVIA arrived safely at Moscow. The friend of the abbess received her with great kindness, and kept her in her house, while she was endeavoring to find her a fellow-traveller, for the journey to St. Petersburg.

The person to whom she determined to entrust her, was a merchant who travelled with his own horses, and consequently at a moderate rate. In addition to the letters, which the ladies of Ekatherinemburg had given her, she had now one for the Princess T., an aged and highly respected lady. Under these auspices she arrived at St. Petersburg, towards the middle of February, twenty days after having left Moscow, and eighteen months after her departure from Siberia. Her courage was unabated, and

her confidence as unshaken, as on the first day of her journey.

She lodged at the merchant's house on the Ekatherina-canal, and for some time she was at a loss in that vast capital, how to enter on her business, and how she should deliver her letters of introduction.

The merchant was too much engrossed by his own affairs, to care much for his lodger. He had promised her to find out the house of the Princess T.; but before he could do so, he was obliged to depart for Riga, and left Prascovia to the care of his wife, who was very kind to her, but wholly unable to afford her any advice upon the subject which alone interested her.

The letter which the lady of Moscow had given her, was addressed to a person living on the opposite bank of the Neva. As the direction was very explicit, Prascovia thought that she could find the house, and accompanied by her hostess set out for Wasili-Ostrow;* but the river was opening, and the passage was prohibited by the police, as long as there was any danger from the floating ice. She returned home, painfully disappointed. In the midst of her perplexity, a friend of her hostess advised her unfortunately, to address a petition to the Senate, to request the revision of her father's trial, and offered to procure a person who would draw up the paper. The success of that which she had addressed to the Governor of Tobolsk, encouraged her hopes, and she was thus induced to copy an ill-conceived and worse written supplication. Nor could any one give her the least direction how to present it. She neglected to deliver her letters of recommendation, and in this way lost the opportunity of obtaining timely assistance.

With the petition in her hand, she went one morning to the palace of the Senate, ascended a long staircase, and entered one of the public offices. She was much embarrassed at the sight of the number of persons, who were seated or moving in this large room, not knowing to which of them she should deliver her paper. The clerks, to whom she whispered her request, looked up to her, and then continued to write, without taking any farther notice of her. Some other persons, whom she was about to address, turned aside to avoid her, as they would a pillar which obstructed their way. At last an old soldier, who served as door-keeper and sergeant-at-arms, and who was hurrying with rapid steps through the saloon, met her, and passing to the right to get out of her way, while she turned to the same side, to make room for him, they came violently against each other. The provoked soldier asked her what was her business. Prascovia, rather pleased with the question, presented him her paper, and desired him to deliver it to the Senate. But he, taking her for a common beggar, seized her by the arm, and dragged her out of the room. She durst not re-enter, and remained the whole morning on the staircase, intending to present her petition to the first Senator whom she should meet. She saw several persons alighting from their carriages, some decorated with stars, some with epaulets, and all in uniforms, in boots, and with swords. She thought that they were all generals, or officers of the army; and waiting all the time for a Senator, who, from the idea she had conceived of these magistrates, was to be distinguished by something extraordinary, she had no opportunity of delivering her paper. Towards three o'clock, the palace emptied, and Prascovia finding herself alone, left the Senate in great amazement at not having met with a Senator among the crowd she had seen that morning. Her hostess, to whom she made that remark, had great difficulty in making her understand that a Senator was made like any other man, and that the gentlemen she had seen were probably for the most part persons, to any one of whom she might safely have presented her petition.

On the next day, at the hour when the Senate meets, she again took her seat on the staircase, and offered her paper to every person that passed near her; hoping, by this means, to avoid her error of the preceding day, and that she should at last meet with some one of those great personages, of whom she still found it difficult to form any definite idea; but nobody cared to take her paper.

* A quarter of St. Petersburg, on the right bank of the Neva.

She saw, at last, a corpulent gentleman with a red ribbon, and stars on each side of his red uniform coat, and a sword. "If this is not a senator," she whispered to herself, "surely I shall never meet with one in my life." She advanced towards him, praying him to take charge of her petition; but a liveried servant stepped suddenly forward, and gently turned her aside, while the starred gentleman, who thought she asked alms, murmured a "God help you," and proceeded on his way.

Prascovia went thus to the senate for two whole weeks, without any better success than on the first day: often, wasted with the fatigue of standing on a cold and wet staircase, she seated herself upon one of the steps, and endeavored to read in the countenances of those who passed, some sign of compassion and benevolence. But probably nobody imagined what she wanted. This is inevitable in large cities. Opulence and misery, happiness and distress, elbow each other, and yet remain for ever separate, unless benevolence and pity, or the exertions of charitable persons, bring them into closer connexion than accidental meetings.

One day, however, one of the clerks, who probably had already become accustomed to her face, stopped beside her, accepted the petition, and took from his pocket a packet of papers. The unfortunate girl began to feel some hope; but the packet contained only banknotes, from which the stranger took one of five roubles, put it in Prascovia's paper, and, returning it, quickly disappeared. The disappointed girl, rose from her seat, and left the palace. "I am sure," said she to her hostess, "that if Mrs. Milin had a brother, who was a senator, he would have attended to my request, without knowing any thing of me."

The senate not being in session during the Easter holydays, Prascovia, contrary to her inclination, had some rest. She employed it in devotion. During her pious exercises, she repeated her prayers for the happy issue of her enterprise, and such was the sincerity of her faith, that after having partaken of the holy communion, she felt assured that her petition would be accepted the next time she should present herself at the senate, and told her hostess so when she returned from church. But the hostess was less confident, and advised her to try some other means. Still, on the day when the senate was to open its session, she had some business on the "English quay," and Prascovia being ready to go to the senatorial palace, she offered to carry her in her "droschky." "I wonder," said she on the way, "that you do not become discouraged. Were I in your situation, I would not trouble myself further with the senate and senators, who will never do any thing for you: you might as well present your petition to this statue," added she, in pointing to the noble monument of Peter the Great. "I am sure," answered Prascovia, "that my faith will not be in vain. But I will try to-day for the last time, my fortune at the senate; and I am confident that my supplication will be received. God is almighty,—yes, he is almighty," repeated she, alighting from the vehicle, "and if He willed it, even this figure of bronze would move from its seat, and hearken to my request." The matron burst out into a laugh, and Prascovia, soon awaking from her enthusiasm, smiled herself: yet this was but the habitual current of her thoughts and expressions.

While she gazed on the monument, her hostess, looking round her, remarked that the bridge over the Neva was replaced: numberless vehicles were coming to and fro, in the direction of Wasili-Ostrow.—"Have you your letter for Mrs. L?" asked the good woman; "I am in no hurry, and could carry you to her house." It being yet early in the morning, Prascovia accepted her offer. The river which, some time before, was meandering around masses of floating ice, was now thawed and covered with vessels and boats of every description. Prascovia was delighted with this sight; the weather was beautiful, and with redoubled courage, she felt assured that her visit would be successful. Embracing her companion, she said: "It seems to me as if God guided me, and I trust He will not forsake me."

Mrs. L., who had received from her friends in Ekatharinemburgh, some account of Prascovia, reproached her kindly for not having sooner presented herself. The affec-

tionate manner with which she was received, reminded her strongly of the time she had passed with Mrs. Milin. Prascovia explained the plan she had formed for the recall of her father from his exile, and mentioned the unsuccessful endeavors she had made, until then, at the senate. On a perusal of her petition, Mrs. L. soon found that it was not worded according to the official form. "Few could be more serviceable to you than myself," she said to Prascovia, "for one of my relations fills an important station in the senate; but I must confess to you, as I would to an older acquaintance, and to a friend, that for a short time past I have not been on good terms with him. However," she added, after a little reflection, "the occasion is so good, and our quarrel so trifling, that I should be willing to make propositions of reconciliation, of which you may be the immediate cause: besides, is it not Easter?"

Prascovia was to dine with her new friend, and in company with several persons who were invited, and who showed her the greatest kindness. When they were taking their seats at the table, a gentleman entered, and addressing Mrs. L., made the salutations usual on these festival days: "Christos voscres;" and without more words, they embraced each other in the most affectionate manner. This person was the relative mentioned by Mrs. L. The custom in Russia is, for friends and acquaintances, when they first meet at Easter, to greet each other by such marks of love and affection. The one says: "Christos voscres," (Christ is risen) and the other answers: "Voistino voscres," (in truth, he is risen.) Between friends, these expressions are, as it were, a new covenant; and, between persons who have quarrelled, the first words are an express wish for reconciliation. Mrs. L. finding her relation so well disposed, presented to him the young pilgrim from Siberia. Her affair was canvassed during the dinner, and the whole company agreed, that her application to the senate was an ill-advised step. A formal revision of her father's trial would have required much time; and it was thought at once a surer and shorter way, to apply immediately to the emperor. A little time, however, was necessary to determine by what means this could be done. Meanwhile, Prascovia was advised not to continue her application to the senate, the narrative of which greatly diverted the company. Towards evening, Mrs. L. sent her little protégée home, accompanied by a servant. As soon as she could revert to the different incidents of that day, Prascovia, according to the ordinary bent of her mind, reflected on the wonderful ways, by which Providence disposes events in favor of those whom it designs to protect. How fortunate was it for her, she thought, to have presented her letter to Mrs. L., on the same day that her relative sought to make his peace with her! In passing before the senate, she remembered her prayer not to be obliged to re-enter that palace, more than once. "God, in his great mercy, has done more than I requested, for I shall not be under the necessity of going into it again;—and that bronze monument," added she, looking at the statue of Peter the Great, "was the instrument which the Almighty used to direct my steps."

Notwithstanding the lively interest of her new friends, she was destined to attain her end by other assistance than theirs.

The merchant, who had returned from Riga a few days before, was astonished to find Prascovia still in his house, and had begun to inquire for that of the Princess T. This lady, who already expected Prascovia, ordered him to bring her immediately. Though she regretted to leave the good people with whom she had lived for two months, she was too intent on her great purpose, not to be anxious to be introduced, as early as possible, to a protectress, from whom she might derive the most important services.

A Swiss in showy livery opened the door. Prascovia taking him for a senator, dropped a low courtesy. "It is only the doorkeeper, child," whispered her host.—When they had reached the first story, the Swiss rang twice. Prascovia did not know the meaning of it; but having remarked, that the doors of some shops were provided with bells, she imagined that it was a precaution against thieves. In the saloon, every thing she saw and heard, was calculated to fill her with admiration and amazement. Never had she

seen so much splendor; never had she entered a room lighted like this; never had she imagined that a large company could move with so little noise, converse in almost inaudible voices, and bear the same air of dignity and state. The company was dispersed in small groups: the youngest among them, were round card-tables, in one corner of the saloon. Many persons were standing near one of these tables, where the princess was playing whist with three other persons. As soon as she saw Prascovia, she motioned her to approach. "Good evening, my dear: have you not a letter for me?" Unluckily she had not yet taken it from her little bag, and was rather awkward in getting it from under her tucker, which caused some whispering and tittering among the younger part of the company. The Princess read the letter attentively. Her partner, who was not much pleased with this interruption of the game, drummed on the table, and fixed an ill-humored look on the new guest. Prascovia thought she recognized in him the corpulent gentleman, who had refused to receive her petition. While the princess was folding the letter, the gentleman bolted out with his "trumps!" Prascovia, already greatly disconcerted, observing that he continued to stare at her, thought probably he had said something to her, and asked with trepidation, "What do you say, sir?" the laughers did not lose the occasion to be merry at her expense. The princess greatly commended her conduct and filial piety, and promised to assist her. Turning then towards a lady who was sitting next to her, she addressed a few words to her, in French, whereupon the latter took Prascovia politely by the arm, and conducted her to the room which was prepared for her.

During the first days of her abode in the princess' palace, Prascovia, finding herself almost always alone, was low-spirited, and regretted not only the company of her friends at Wasili-Ostrow, but even the house of the merchant. Insensibly she became more familiar with her new acquaintances, and, to the humblest servant, every person in the house endeavored to imitate the kindness with which the princess distinguished her. Though she ate at the table of this lady, she never had an opportunity of speaking with her, and her protectress was often prevented, by the infirmities of age, from dining with her. The persons of her retinue soon became so much accustomed to Prascovia's face, that they forgot she was a stranger, and what her business was. When she begged one of them to mention her affair to their mistress, her entreaties were fruitless, whether because they neglected to speak to the princess, or because the latter found it impossible to fulfil her intentions. She visited sometimes her less illustrious friends in Wasili-Ostrow, and put all her hopes on their assistance.

During the time she lived at the merchant's, a clerk of the empress-mother's cabinet secretary, Mr. Violier, had advised her to solicit her Majesty for succor, and had offered to take charge of her petition. The secretary, believing that she needed only the ordinary relief of the poor, set apart fifty roubles for her, and sent her word to call on him. The next morning she went to his house: he was absent, but Mrs. Violier received Prascovia, talked with her, and heard her story with as much surprise as interest. The acquaintance between charitable persons and the afflicted, is like the meeting of old friends, long separated by travels or difference of fortune. In the first hour that Prascovia passed with Mrs. Violier, she felt for her as much gratitude as for an old benefactress.

The lady desired her to wait for Mr. Violier, and when this gentleman, on his return home, saw her, and heard her tale, instead of offering alms, he promised to speak, on the same day, to the empress in her behalf. He begged her to remain to dinner, hoping that, at his return from the palace, whither at that moment his official duties obliged him to go, he should be able to give her some news.

The empress directed her secretary to present Prascovia to her, on the same evening, at six o'clock. The astonished girl almost fainted, when Mr. Violier brought her this news: instead of thanking him, she raised her eyes to heaven, and said in a trembling voice: "Thus, O God! have I not in vain put my trust in thee." In her

extreme agitation, she seized the hands of Mrs. Violier, covered them with her kisses, and begged her to express her gratitude to the generous man, to whom her father would be indebted for his liberty.

Towards evening, making a very trifling change in her simple dress, she accompanied Mr. Violier to the imperial palace. Remembering what her father had told her of the difficulty of being admitted into it, she said to Mr. Violier: "Oh! if he could now see me, and know in the presence of whom I shall soon find myself, how happy would he feel!"

Without any preparation for what she had to say, or any direction of what she was to do, she entered the cabinet of the empress, perfectly self-possessed. The empress received her with her characteristic benevolence, and put several questions to her, with a desire to have further details of her history than the secretary had been able to give. Prascovia answered with as much respect and composure, as the best educated person could have shown, on such an occasion. Persuaded that her father was innocent, she did not solicit his pardon, but the revision of his trial. The empress praised her for her courage and filial virtue, offered to recommend her to the emperor, and ordered that three hundred roubles should be given to her, as an earnest of further interest and protection.

Prascovia left the palace with such a sense of these favors, that when Mrs. Violier asked her, if she was pleased with her reception, she could answer only with her tears.

A lady of the princess' retinue, remembering that she had not met with Prascovia, since she had walked out in the morning, was, on inquiring, informed by the servant, who had accompanied her, that he had seen her go with Mr. Violier in a carriage to the palace, and she quickly inferred that she must have been presented at court. When she entered the princess' mansion, towards the close of the evening, she was, for the first time since her first visit, ushered into the assembly room, where her recent fortune had already produced a happy revolution in her favor. The persons who had shown her friendship, were less profuse in congratulations, than those who had treated her with indifference. Some of the latter discovered that she had fine eyes and was well made. When she said that she was now certain of her father's liberty, nobody thought that it could be otherwise; and several persons, less hasty in encouraging her confidence, offered to recommend her to the ministers. The amateur of whist congratulated her, as soon as he rose from his game.

When she awoke next morning, she asked herself: "Is it not all a dream? have I indeed, seen the empress? has she, indeed, deigned to speak to me with so much goodness?"—She rose hastily to look in a drawer, to convince herself, by the sight of the present she had received, that her imagination did not deceive her.

A few days afterwards, the empress-mother assigned her a pension, and introduced her, herself, to the emperor and his august consort, who both received her with the most gracious kindness and benevolence, and presented her with five thousand roubles. But what gave her the greatest happiness, was his Imperial Majesty's command, that the trial of her father should immediately be revised.

The lively interest with which she inspired Count Kotchoubey, then minister of the interior, and all his family, removed many difficulties which might yet have retarded the accomplishment of her dearest wishes. That estimable statesman united in his person two things, which are not often found together: the inclination, and the means of doing good; and many afflicted families had cause to thank him, before they imagined that he knew of their misfortunes.

The revision of Lopouloff's trial fell happily, under the jurisdiction of this minister, and from that moment Prascovia was certain of success. Known to the imperial family, and protected by the minister, she soon became the object of universal interest. The representatives of foreign courts vied with the most distinguished inhabitants of the capital, in giving her marks of esteem and affection. Some ladies settled on her an annual pension. Yet these seductive favors

did not alter the simplicity of her character, nor the modesty of her manners; and if any thing distinguished her from any other demure and humble country girl, it was but the fearlessness of perfect innocence. After a most laborious study of society, a sagacious mind will feel convinced that perfect artlessness, and an unassuming demeanor, are the most captivating qualities; and thus learn that after all, nature is our best and unerring guide. The unsophisticated Prascovia could, without effort, display the winning graces of simplicity, and mingle, without the least disparagement, in the best society, her good sense and sound judgment supplying the place of education. Her quick and happy repartees discountenanced many who had been more favored in this latter respect.

Being once interrupted in her narrative, in the presence of a numerous company, by a person who asked her for what crime her father had been banished, she answered indignantly, and in a tone of cold reproof: "Sir, a father is never culpable in the eyes of his children, and mine is innocent."

Though she could not but observe the enthusiasm she inspired, in the unconscious display of the noble qualities of her soul, it had no influence on her behavior or language; and, when she touched upon her history, she seemed but to answer queries, and never betrayed an intention of exciting the sympathy of her hearers. She wondered that her conduct should be praised, and she could not conceal her displeasure, when she was commended in exaggerated terms.

She spent the time during which she was obliged to remain in the capital, in the expectation of the final sentence of her father's trial, very happily. Every enjoyment was new to her and delicious. The manner in which she expressed her emotions on these occasions, was often very striking.

Accompanying one day, the Countess W. through the interior of the imperial palace, she exclaimed, on seeing the throne: "Is this the throne of the emperor? oh! how I once dreaded to appear before it, and crossing her hands and turning pale, she whispered in a faltering voice: "Is this really the throne of the emperor?" The awe, the fear, the reverence, with which this image of sovereign power had once filled her, were now blended with feelings of love and gratitude for the monarch. She asked permission to approach the imperial seat. With a trembling step she advanced towards it; and throwing herself at the foot of it, she burst into tears, exclaiming: "O! my father, see where the omnipotence of God has conducted me. God, merciful God, bless this seat, and him who occupies it! May he, through his whole life, be as happy as I now am." She could with difficulty be induced to leave this room, and such was her emotion that her friends found it necessary to defer showing her the rest of the palace to some other day. She did not recognize the rooms where she had been presented to the imperial family. When she entered the splendid assembly room of the knights of St. George, she thought she was in a chapel, and crossed herself.

On the day her friends accompanied her through the "Hermitage," she seemed to take great pleasure in looking at the pictures, with which this splendid palace is decorated, and she explained readily the religious subjects of some of them. But seeing a drunken Silenus, supported by Bacchantes and Satyrs—a picture of Luca Giordano—she said: "What an ugly thing! what does this represent?" Having never heard of mythology, it was difficult to make her understand the subject of the picture. But when she was told that it was a fable, she said: "I thought that there was no truth in it: men with goats' feet! what folly to paint things that never have existed, as if there were a want of true ones." Poor Prascovia was doomed to learn, at the age of twenty-one, what commonly is taught to children. However, her curiosity was never indiscreet; she seldom asked a question, and endeavored, by her own efforts, to satisfy herself about whatever fell under her observation that was new or that she did not understand.

Nothing gave her more pleasure than to be with well-informed persons, who conversed among themselves without thinking of her. Her eyes wandered then from one

speaker to another; and the attention with which she listened was so intense, that she could remember every remark which the limited extent of her acquirements enabled her to comprehend.

In the company of her intimate friends, she loved to dwell on the benevolent reception of the two empresses, and to repeat every word with which they had honored her. Her emotion could not but increase on hearing many other examples of the magnanimity and goodness of her sovereigns, and she wondered that they were not the usual topic of conversation.

The ukase for the recall of her father was delayed, however, longer than she had expected. Prascovia had not forgotten the two prisoners who had offered to assist her. But when she mentioned them to her protectors, they advised her not to embarrass the success of her principal request, by asking this additional favor; and for fear of injuring the interests of her parents, she was obliged to yield. But her good intentions prevailed at last; for on the day that the ukase for the pardon of her father was to be despatched to the governor of Siberia, the emperor, in ordering his minister to congratulate Prascovia, directed him to ask her, at the same time, if she had no favor to solicit for herself. She answered immediately, that the only additional boon she desired, was the liberty of two of her father's fellow-sufferers. Her wish was complied with, and together with the ukase which set her father at liberty, was sent that for the recall of her two friends, who thus obtained their liberty in return for the offer of a few kopecks.

Nothing now prevented Prascovia from making her long intended pilgrimage to the cathedral of Kiew; and in meditating on the last incidents of her life, she determined definitively to give herself up entirely to her religious duties. While she prepared herself for her new career, and went through the preparations for the monastic vow, her father enjoyed the liberty she had procured him. He received the joyful tidings twenty months after her departure. By an inexplicable mishap, he had heard nothing of her during that whole time. The emperor Alexander had, in that interval, ascended the imperial throne, and on that occasion many prisoners were liberated, but none of those exiled at Ischim. Lopouloff and his wife felt so much the more discouraged. The separation from their only child had brought them to the brink of despair, when suddenly a messenger from the governor of Tobolsk arrived with the ukase of their liberty, a passport for their journey to Russia, and a sum of money.

This event, and the manner in which it was brought about, produced a great sensation in Siberia. Many of the inhabitants and prisoners of Ischim, were anxious to see the happy parents. Those who had ridiculed Prascovia's enterprise, and chiefly those who had refused to assist her, now deeply regretted their error. Nothing was wanting to complete Lopouloff's happiness, but the liberty of his two compassionate friends, for he was yet ignorant that they also had obtained their pardon.

These two men, who were both at an advanced age, had been exiled to Siberia since the rebellion of Pougatcheff, in which their youthful passions had engaged them. Lopouloff's closer acquaintance with them, was dated only from the time that his daughter entered on her pilgrimage. Of all his acquaintances, they alone had manifested a sincere interest for her. Afterwards, they often conversed together of Prascovia, and formed conjectures on the issue of her enterprise. Hope and fear succeeded each other upon these occasions. Lopouloff finding himself now in a situation to show them his friendship, offered to divide with them the money he had received; but they refused to accept anything. "I need nothing," said one of them, "for I have yet the piece of money which I offered to your daughter."

Dejection bordering on despair, was probably the cause of their refusal. They were about parting with their only friend. They remembered that Prascovia had promised them, to interest herself in their favor: and believing the exaggerated accounts which reached Ischim, of the reception she had met with at court, they were unwilling to

let her father know the extent of their disappointment.

In order to avoid the pain of witnessing his departure, they went the evening before to take their leave of him, and they returned home with feelings of the deepest anguish.

When they had gone, Lopouloff and his wife lamented the fate of their unfortunate friends. "Prascovia surely has not forgotten them," said they.—"Perhaps she may yet obtain their freedom."—"We will beg her to renew her intercession in their favor." After some farther observations of this sort, they retired, to be ready, early the next morning, for their departure.

They had scarcely closed their eyes, when they heard a noise at their door. Lopouloff rose, and met the messenger with the despatches for the two prisoners. He had searched in vain for the Captain-Ispravnik or head commissary, to whom he intended to deliver the despatch; and returned now to learn from Lopouloff, the lodging of the two exiles. They had gone home, in deep silence, and seated themselves on a bench, neglecting in their feeling of despair, even to light a candle: of what could they converse in these mournful moments? what consolation could they find in each other's countenance? all hope for them, as they thought, had vanished, and an eternal exile seemed now their only and certain prospect.

They thus sat brooding for two hours, over their present misery, and their woful futurity, when the glimmering of a lantern suddenly threw light into the room, through its little lattice. They heard steps near the door;—one knocks;—and the well known voice of a friend cries: "Open, open! your pardon! your pardon! open."

It would be vain to attempt to describe the scene that now occurred. At first, some broken expressions could alone be heard: "Pardon!"—"The emperor: God bless him! God bless him!"—"Thousand benedictions to Prascovia! no, no, she has not forgotten us!" Seldom had the transition from profound despair to the greatest earthly bliss, been so sudden and so unexpected: never, perhaps, had a good turn of fortune been more deeply felt.

The Captain-Ispravnik, having been informed that a messenger was searching for him, ran after him, and in the presence of the two prisoners, opened the packet, which contained a passport for each of them, and a letter from Prascovia to her father. Among other things, she mentioned, that she would have solicited a pecuniary assistance for her two friends, had not God given her the means to make them herself a present, in return for the generous offer they had made her, at her departure from Siberia. The present consisted of two hundred roubles.

Prascovia anxiously waited for an answer from her parents. In taking the veil at Kiew, she was, nevertheless, determined to fulfil the promise she had given to the abbess at Niejeni. She wrote to her after having finished her devotions, and shortly afterwards determined to depart for Niejeni.

The abbess, in the expectation of seeing her soon, did not write to inform her of the arrival of her parents at Niejeni. She went to meet Prascovia at the gate of the convent, with all the nuns. Prascovia threw herself at the abbess' feet, and her first inquiry was for news from her parents. "Come, my child," said the old lady, "come into my room, we have good tidings for you;" and she conducted her through the galleries and aisles of the monastery. The silence of the nuns might have awakened her fears, had their countenances not been expressive of joy.

In entering the abbess' closet, she saw her parents. They had heard nothing of her arrival; they knew not that she had taken the veil, and they threw themselves at her feet, overwhelmed by mingled feelings of gratitude, admiration, and grief. "What are you doing?" shrieked Prascovia, and gasping with her emotions, and falling on her knees, she added: "to God, to God alone we owe our felicity. Let us thank Him for his miraculous interposition." The nuns, deeply moved by this affecting scene, joined in the thanksgiving of the happy family, who, after this first burst of gratitude to their merciful Creator, exchanged demonstrations of love and tenderness, in

the midst of which the mother, pointing to Prascovia's veil, gave way to her feelings and sobbed aloud.

The pleasure they found in their meeting, they knew would be of short duration, and was therefore not unmingled with regret. Prascovia, in taking the veil, deprived her parents of the happiness they would have found in her company; and the new separation for which they were obliged to prepare themselves, seemed to them more painful than the former, because they could not flatter themselves, as then, to spend, perhaps, the rest of their lives with her. Their means did not permit them to establish themselves at Niejeni. Mrs. Lopouloff had relations at Wladimir, who invited her to live with them; and necessity obliged both parents to accept this invitation. After having passed a week with their daughter, in a quick succession of alternately delicious and agonizing feelings, they determined to depart. The mother was deeply distressed. "What have we gained," said she, "by this liberty, after which we longed so much! all the toils, and even the success of my poor child, have but ended in her eternal separation from us! I wish rather we had remained in Siberia with her for ever!"

Such complaints may be forgiven to the aged mother of a daughter like Prascovia. She was her only child; beside her, "she had no other children." (Judges xi, 34.)

Prascovia, in taking leave of her parents, in presence of the abbess, promised to pay them a visit at Wladimir, in the course of the year. The whole family, accompanied by the nuns, went then to the church. Prascovia, though more profoundly affected than her parents, encouraged them, and seemed anxious to give them an example of resignation and fortitude. Yet, she found it difficult to guard herself against the overpowering movements of nature; she glided, after a short prayer, into the choir, where the other nuns were assembled, and showing herself through the grate, she said to her parents, with a ghastly effort at cheerfulness: "Farewell, my beloved: your daughter belongs to God, but she will not forget you. Dear father, my dearest mother, resign yourself to the sacrifice prescribed by Providence, and may the blessings of the Almighty accompany you wherever you go." Her overwhelming emotion obliged her to lean against the grate, and to give a free course to her tears. The poor mother, overcome by grief, rushed towards her, with inarticulate cries of anguish. At a signal given by the abbess, a black veil fell, and prevented a useless renewal of so distressing a scene. At the same moment, the nuns broke forth into the Psalm—

> The good man's way is God's delight;
> He orders all the steps aright
> Of him that moves by his command;
> Though he may sometimes be distress'd,
> Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd;
> For God upholds him with his hand.

Lopouloff and his wife had seen their daughter for the last time. A few minutes afterwards, they departed from Niejeni.

Prascovia submitted herself with perfect resignation to the severe rules of the convent, showed the greatest zeal in the fulfilment of her several duties, and won every day more and more the affection and esteem of her new companions. But her health declined rapidly, and the mountainous situation of the convent was no way calculated to retard the development of the malady which preyed upon her. After a year, a change of residence was recommended to her by her physicians.

The abbess, being at that time obliged to go to St. Petersburg, determined to take Prascovia with her. In this she was actuated, not only by a hope that the change of place might have a good effect on Prascovia's health, but by a wish also, that the interests of her convent might be served, by the friends she had in the capital. Prascovia was now again a petitioner, but a more disinterested one than before; and instead of partaking in the pleasures of society, as she did then, she visited only those persons whose acquaintance she was bound by gratitude and friendship, to cultivate.

Her features were already much altered, by her wasting disease, the consumption; but even in her decayed state, her countenance was one of the most agreeable and

interesting that could be seen. She was rather of a low stature, but well made; her black veil, though it excluded all ornament of her hair, showed to advantage the fine shape of her face; her eyes were of a deep black, her forehead was large, and her look and smile had a remarkable expression of sweet pensiveness.

She was aware of the nature and the danger of her disease, and all her thoughts were fixed on that future existence, for which she waited without fear, but yet without impatience.

The abbess, having despatched all the business which had caused her visit to the capital, prepared to return with Prascovia to Niejeni. On the day before their departure, Prascovia, on entering the house of some friends, of whom she wished to take leave, found a young girl lying at the foot of the staircase, reduced to the most abject state of misery. Seeing a lady followed by a liveried servant, the unfortunate creature raised herself to beg alms; and presenting a paper, she added, that her father was palsied, and lived only by the assistance which she was able to obtain, from charitable persons; but that she herself was so ill, that she had not strength enough to beg. Prascovia seized the paper with a trembling hand: it was a certificate of good character and poverty, signed by a parochial priest. She remembered the time, when she also was sitting on the staircase of the senate, in hope of relief from her suffering, and when she solicited in vain for compassion. She hastened to give to the poor girl all the money she had about her, and promised her further assistance. On her recommendation, the friends, whom she went to visit, became the protectors of this poor girl and her father.

She had hoped to obtain, before her departure from St. Petersburg, a dispensation from the law, by which, in Russia, novices are prohibited from making their final vows, before attaining the age of forty; but in this her hopes were disappointed.

On their return to Niejeni, the abbess and Prascovia passed a few days in a convent at Novogorod, where the discipline was less severe than in their own, and the situation of which was more favorable to the health of the novice, who besides had the pleasure to meet here, with a sister of one of her companions at Niejeni. The young nun seemed extremely solicitous to possess her friendship, and informing her of the permission her sister had obtained, to change her residence at Niejeni for that of Novogorod, she urged her to follow her example and to come with her. The abbess, who hoped that such a change might be beneficial to her health, consented, though she extremely regretted parting with her, and soon after their return to their convent, she made the necessary application for her transfer to Novogorod.

Prascovia shortly afterwards left the latter place, followed by the good wishes and regrets of all her acquaintance and companions. She was obliged to wait two months at her new residence, before she could be put in possession of a small wooden house of two cells, which she had caused to be constructed for herself and her friend, for want of such accommodation in the convent. Yet, she was considered as belonging to it, and all the sisters, who were already acquainted with her, looked upon her arrival as a great happiness, and gladly performed those duties for her, which were beyond her strength.

She lived in this way, until the close of 1809; and, like most persons afflicted with consumption, Prascovia, though resigned to an early death, did not think that her end was near. On the evening before her death, she walked with less fatigue than she had for some time before, through the convent, and, wrapped in a pelisse, sat down at the steps to enjoy the exhilarating influence of the sun, on a wintry day. She mused pensively on the events of her life, and remembered the more vividly those of her infancy, as the aspect of nature contributed to carry her back to Siberia. Observing some travellers glide rapidly before her in a sledge, her heart began to beat as if kindled by some cheering recollections. "Next spring," she said to her friend, "if I am well enough, I will pay a visit to my parents at Wladimir, and you shall go with me." Her eyes beamed with joy, while death already dis-

colored her lips. Her companion could not without difficulty assume a composed countenance and restrain her tears.

On the next day, the eighth of December, 1809, the festival of St. Barbara, she had still strength to go into the church to partake of the holy communion, but at three o'clock she was so reduced, that she laid herself undressed on her bed, to take, as she thought, a little repose. Several of her companions were in the cell, and, not aware of her situation, talked gaily and laughed, in the hope of amusing her. But their presence became soon too fatiguing for her, and when the vesper bell was rung, she desired them to join their sisters in the chapel, and recommended herself to their prayers. "You may yet to-day," she said, "pray for my recovery, but in a few weeks you will mention me, in the prayers for the dead." Her friend alone remained, and she begged her to read to her the evening service as she was accustomed to do. The young nun, kneeling at the foot of the bed, began to sing in a low voice. But after the first verses, the dying Prascovia having made her a sign with her hand, accompanied by a faint smile on her lips, she rose, bent over her, and could with difficulty catch these words: "My dear friend, do not sing, it prevents me from praying; read only."

The nun kneeled again, and while she recited the orisons, her expiring friend made, from time to time, the sign of the cross. The room was now becoming dark.

When the nuns re-entered with candles, Prascovia was dead. Her right hand was extended over her breast, as when she crossed herself for the last time.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Catholic Poland.—The Poles professing the Catholic religion in that part of the country which has been united to Russia, have recently addressed a memorial to the holy see, exposing to the sovereign pontiff the cruel sufferings to which they are subjected by the autocrat. It appears that every species of injustice is inflicted upon those who are not willing to renounce the Catholic faith. An immense number of religious houses has been suppressed, and the inmates reduced to a condition of misery and starvation. Even the noble beneficence of the sisters of charity has been arrested, because it was a Catholic work, and commanded the respect and esteem of the schismatics around them. Various other grievances are detailed, which show that the present autocrat of Russia is a barbarous tyrant, not inferior to many of the Pagan persecutors in primitive times.

Madras.—On Sunday evening last the Rev. S. Fennelly, late of Maynooth college, and brother to the Right Rev. Dr. Fennelly, bishop of Madras, sailed from Kingstown, *via* London, for that distant and most rising mission, bringing with him nearly twenty associates—as clergymen, nuns, students, and catechists—who are to devote their talents, lives, and fortunes, to the promotion of religion in the Indies.—*Dub. Nation.*

Trinidad.—From a letter which I received by the last mail, on the 21st inst., I am gratified to hear that our holy religion is making rapid and consoling progress throughout that vicariate, and that with the exception of the Rev. Mr. J. O'Hanly—who has been somewhat indisposed, and who is at present, with the zealous bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Smith, at the port of Spain, after his missionary labors near the coast, as parish priest—all the other clergymen and the bishop himself are quite well.—*Ibid.*

British Guiana.—This extensive vicariate has for some time back been placed in most distressing circumstances, owing to the want of missionaries and due attention to the sacred ordinances of religion. The last mail from Rome brings us the interesting intelligence that the Right Rev. Dr. Hynes, O.S.D., a most zealous and edifying *Irish* bishop, has been appointed by the holy see to take charge of the vicariate as administrator, as the Right Rev. Dr. Clancy had resigned the responsible duties of vicar apostolic. Those who are familiar with the past labors

of the Right Rev. Dr. Hynes—first in Demerara, and secondly in the Ionian Islands—duly appreciate his great worth, and entertain confident hopes that by the assistance of a sufficient number of active clergymen and religious, this exemplary and active man will soon re-establish religion and morality in every part of British Guiana.—*Ibid.*

DOMESTIC.

Archdiocess of Baltimore.—*Religious Profession.* On Sunday the 5th November at the convent of the Visitation in Georgetown, the solemn vows of religion were made by Sister Mary Augustin (Catharine Cleary) of Occoquan, Prince William Co. Va. and Sister Mary Rose (Mary Mudd) of Charles Co. Md. On the same occasion Sister Mary Pulcheria (Catharine Gibbons) of Washington city, received the veil.

Diocess of St. Louis.—*Ordination.*—The following scholastics of the Society of Jesus received tonsure and minor orders at the hands of the bishop, in the Cathedral, on Thursday, 21st of September; Louis Dumortier, Adrian Van Hulst, Francis Hortsmann, John Bax, Ignatius Maes. On the same occasion, the holy order of sub-deaconship was conferred on John Baptist Druyts, Francis O'Loughlin, P. Arnoudt, A. Maesseele, and Arnauld Damen—all scholastics of the same society. On the following morning, the last named five scholastics, together with the Rev. James Murphy, subdeacon, were ordained deacons; and on the morning of Saturday were, together with Mr. Murphy, raised to the order of priests.—*Catholic Cabinet.*

Diocess of New Orleans.—It is with pain that we again revert to the difficulties occasioned by the conduct of the trustees in St. Louis' church, New Orleans.

Shortly after the death of their late venerated pastor, the bishop addressed a letter to the president of the board of trustees, expressing his readiness to supply the place of the Rev. Mr. Bach, on conditions which every well disposed mind would naturally approve, because absolutely necessary for the good order of the parish and the proper exercise of the parochial office. Notwithstanding their repeated professions of respect for the sovereign pontiff, under whose orders the bishop has hitherto acted, these gentlemen have not thought proper to accede to the reasonable demands of their prelate. They have even questioned his episcopal authority, although fully aware of his appointment by the holy see. They have also carried their own pretensions to a point which cannot but make them a laughing-stock in the eyes of the Catholic community. The *Propagateur Catholique* nobly defends the cause of the bishop against the enemies of religion, and exposes the emptiness of their claims with an equal force of logic and facetiousness of style. A respectable meeting of Catholics was lately held in New Orleans, and resolutions were passed deprecating the course of the trustees, and avowing a determination to stand by the bishop as the lawful head of the Church in Louisiana. We hope that their fidelity will find many imitators, and that the schismatical *board* will be reduced to that silent insignificance which must be the ultimate result of this affair, and which would certainly be much less discreditable to them than their present degrading notoriety.

Fifth Provincial Council.—Official accounts from Rome have been received, informing us that the acts and decrees of the fifth provincial council, held in Baltimore in the month of May, were confirmed by the holy see on the 24th of September. The following appointments also have been made:

For the vacant see of Charleston, Very Rev. Ignatius Reynolds, vicar general of the diocess of Louisville.

For the new see of Hartford, Conn., Very Rev. William Tyler, vicar general of Boston.

As coadjutor to the bishop of Boston, Rev. John Fitzpatrick, pastor of St. Mary's church, Boston.

As coadjutor to the bishop of New York, Rev. John McCloskey, pastor of St. Joseph's church, New York.

For the new see of Milwaukie, in Wisconsin, Very Rev. J. M. Henni, vicar general of Cincinnati.

For the new see of Chicago, Illinois, Rev. William Quarter, pastor of St. Mary's church, New York.

For the new see of Little Rock, Arkansas, Rev. Andrew Byrne, pastor of Nativity church, New York.

Eor the apostolic vicariate, Oregon Territory, Rev. F. N. Blanchet, Indian missionary.

Association of Priests.—The names of several clergymen from various parts of the United States, have been received and forwarded to Rome for the purpose of being enrolled in the society in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Due notice will be given of the reply from the eternal city.

The late Commodore Claxton.—It is well known that this distinguished and lamented officer, who was the pride of the American navy and who enjoyed the universal respect and es-

teem of those who knew him, closed his earthly career in the month of March, 1841, and in a strange land where he was actively engaged in the duties of his important station. His affectionate family having adopted measures for the removal of his remains to the U. States, the corpse was accordingly conveyed from Talcahuana to Baltimore, and interred on the 30th of October in Green Mount Cemetery, with the solemn and imposing rites of the Catholic Church. The Very Rev. Dr. Deluol, superior of St. Mary's Seminary, and an intimate friend of the deceased, officiated on the occasion. The many excellent qualities which adorned the public and private character of Commodore Claxton, his gallantry, disinterestedness and love of justice, the peculiar regard which he always manifested for the wants and comforts of his subordinates, and which endeared him to all under his command, his happy disposition and his urbane and affable manners as a member of society, all this has formed the theme of frequent and fervent eulogy in the newspapers. The object of the present remarks is to exhibit his sentiments as a Christian, and to record a few facts which are honorable to his religion, and which may be edifying to those whom he has left behind him.

Long before his departure on the southern cruise which deprived our country of his valuable services, he had attended with pleasure the public worship of the Catholic Church, and although he delayed to practise the duties which it enjoins, he was frequently heard to express the conviction that there was and could be only one true Church, and that that church was the Catholic. Among the clergy of her communion he numbered some of his dearest friends. He oftentimes solicited the reverend gentleman already mentioned, to accompany him as the chaplain of his flag-ship, and endeavored to obtain his assent, by the assurance that the same honors and attentions would be paid to him as to the captain.

During the three months that he passed with his family at Westpoint, before he entered upon the command of the *Constitution*, and on other occasions, he manifested an unequivocal attachment to the Catholic religion. At the town just mentioned, a Protestant Episcopal Church in which a popular preacher officiated, always attracted within its walls the fashionable portion of the inhabitants; but Captain Claxton, though born of Episcopalian parents and educated in the principles of that denomination, did not go with the crowd. He preferred to attend the Catholic service which was performed in the same village every other week. The priest who served this mission did not officiate in a church; there was none; he celebrated mass in the house of a Catholic soldier; but humble as the place was, the American Commodore was seen there regularly with his family, kneeling on the floor in the midst of the promiscuous and lowly band that flocked to the unpretending sanctuary. When he was bantered by his friends in high life about this apparently singular taste in a man of his station, he proved his eminent qualifications as a naval officer by subduing at once every consideration of human respect, and boldly meeting the observations of the fashionable Christian by a reply equally just and religious. His answer was that, far from being ashamed to appear among the poor of this world, he deemed himself unworthy of worshiping God in the company of those who, although moving in the lower walks of life, were perhaps much more acceptable than he in the eyes of heaven: and then, in his usual jocular manner, he asked; "do you expect to choose your company when you go to heaven?" If it was urged that the priest, to whose discourses he listened, was not an eloquent man, he observed; "true, he is not much of an orator, but his instructions are solid, and calculated to satisfy both the mind and heart," and he added, perhaps with rather too much point, "at any rate he believes what he preaches."

On his way from Westpoint to Portsmouth, Commodore Claxton tarried a few days in New York. Here one of his sons was to have the happiness of receiving the holy communion; a circumstance which even in expectancy rejoiced the heart of the parent; but when at the celebration of the holy mysteries it was passing under his eyes, he observed to Mrs. Claxton that "he would give the world to be in the place of his son."

The following incidents, however, indicate a still stronger feeling of Catholicity. Having arrived at Portsmouth, the Commodore did not report himself until he had first visited a Catholic Church, and offered up his prayers to the Almighty. This circumstance would lead us to judge that one of the dominant influences in his breast was a sentiment of piety. No observations injurious to the Catholic religion were uttered with impunity in his presence. During his last cruise on the South American coast, he always assisted at a low mass on Sunday when he had an opportunity to do so; his imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language he judged a sufficient cause of exemption from the sermon at high-mass, as under the circumstances it would not have been understood. Previously to

his last illness he addressed several letters to his wife, in which he expressed an ardent longing for his return to the United States, that he might have the happiness of uniting with her in the practice of a religion which he so much admired, and of rendering his life conformable to the principles of his faith. While abroad, he endeavored to perform his religious duties according to his knowledge and the circumstances in which he was placed. A Catholic prayer-book was frequently in his hands, and when he lay prostrate on the bed of sickness, it was his constant companion and his truest consolation, so long as he retained the use of his faculties. There can be no doubt that, with these sentiments, Commodore Claxton would not have hesitated, under more auspicious circumstances, to call for the services of a Catholic priest. But, to prevent this several causes combined. In the first place there was no resident clergyman on the spot: then the fever under which he labored was not of such a character as to awaken any serious apprehensions: add to this that during his sickness his attention was much diverted from the more congenial occupations of his mind, by the distracting and fatiguing business of a court-martial which he deemed necessary, and which probably induced a sudden and alarming change in the symptoms of his disease. Such was the dispensation of an all-wise Providence; Commodore Claxton did not enjoy those consoling rites by which religion sustains and cheers the soul in its passage to eternity; but we have abundant reason to hope that the God of mercy has had regard to the sincere and fervent aspirations of his heart. When we consider the circumstances that have been detailed, his warm attachment to the Catholic Church, his open vindication of its doctrine and discipline, his anxious solicitude to become a practical member of its communion, his fond anticipation of the happy event, the acts of piety which he frequently performed, we cannot but console ourselves in the issue of so much Christian sentiment; and we will say of the gallant American Commodore what the illustrious bishop of Milan once applied to the young and interesting prince Valentinian II, who came to an untimely end, before he could receive, what he had so much valued and desired, the regenerating sacrament of baptism: "What more can be expected from us than to desire and to ask for the blessings of religion? Long since did the youthful emperor wish to be baptized; and I therefore beseech thee, O Lord! to grant to thy servant that grace which he so fervently longed for during life." (*De obitu Valent.*)

Banner of the Cross.—Our Philadelphia neighbor demurs at the admission of the inconsistency which he committed, in taxing with "awful errors" what he calls the "Roman branch of the true church." We persist in the declaration that the two ideas conveyed by the common use of such phraseology, are irreconcilable. The Church of Christ, as the apostle says, is "the pillar and ground of truth;" it cannot therefore teach "awful errors."

The editor of the *Banner* expresses a willingness, which, if we understand it rightly, is highly commendable. He is disposed to designate his Roman Catholic brethren by those appellations which they recognize and which are not opposed to the dictates of courtesy. Under these circumstances we would suggest the use of the term *Catholic*, when he speaks of the Church in communion with the see of Rome; because this title has always belonged to it, and still belongs *only to it*, according to general usage

Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.

Disgraceful.—The Rev. Mr. Sparry, a Presbyterian preacher, who has been travelling about the country venting his spleen against Popery, was lately arrested and arraigned before a magistrate at Pottsville, Pa., on the charge of disseminating an obscene and immoral book. The book consisted of extracts from Den's Theology, and has been arranged for the express purpose of imposing upon the public mind, in regard to Catholicity; as if a book of the very same description could not be made up from certain parts of the Scripture itself. Having promised to behave himself better for the time to come, this *gentleman* was set at large again. Such are the men who carry on a crusade against religion; some of them narrowly escape the justice of the law, after having degraded themselves by the diffusion of obscene books: others are indicted for libel, and the jury can't make up their mind as to their innocence. Who could place any confidence in the word or preaching of such individuals?

Error.—Two of our cotemporaries have suffered a singular mistake to go abroad, by trusting too much to the columns of the *Tablet* or some other paper. In the translation of Cardinal Pacca's beautiful discourse on the state of religion in Europe, this paper inadvertently rendered the words *Saint Siége*, into *St. Sulpice;* and thus the venerable dean of the sacred college is made to say, that "France, under the auspices and direction of St. Sulpice, labors to dissipate the darkness of idolatry among the poor

savages of Oceanica," &c. Cardinal Pacca spoke of the "auspices and direction of the *holy see*;" not of the society of St. Sulpice or of the saint of that name.

We notice this error, not in a captious spirit, but under the impression that our cotemporaries will be pleased to receive the hint.

OBITUARY.

The Right Rev. Dr. Rosati, bishop of St. Louis, died at Rome on the 25th of September. The venerable prelate is succeeded by his coadjutor, Rt. Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick.

The deceased bishop of St. Louis was born at Sora, in the kingdom of Naples. He entered into the Congregation of Priests of the Mission, at Rome, and in 1815, when the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dubourg was consecrated bishop of New Orleans, at Rome, he, with the holy priest, De Andreis, and several others, embraced the American mission. He passed some time in Kentucky, enjoying the hospitality of the venerable bishop of Bardstown, and studying the English language under the guidance of Dr. David, afterwards bishop of Mauricastro. He was appointed coadjutor to the bishop of N. Orleans and consecrated bishop *in partibus* on the 25th of March, 1824, and subsequently made bishop of St. Louis, and charged with the administration of New Orleans, on the resignation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dubourg. He was fifty-three years of age at his death, and precisely nineteen years and six months had elapsed since his episcopal consecration. He was eminent for ecclesiastical learning, as well as for piety, prudence, zeal, suavity of manners, humility, and all the virtues becoming his high station. In the provincial councils his sentiments were highly influential, and he penned several Latin letters, among others, the classic letter to the archbishops of Cologne and Posen, which breathes the spirit of a Cyprian. He enjoyed the confidence of the holy see, and was apostolic delegate to the republic of Hayti, where he was received with the reverence which his dignified manners, as well as his sacred character, inspired. On his way to this island the second time, with a view to terminate what had been begun with very flattering prospects of success, his infirmities compelled him to stay for several months in Paris, whence he returned to Rome towards the close of May, there to finish his course in the sacred retreat, which, twenty-eight years before, he had left for the arduous labors of the mission. He was truly a holy bishop, worthy of the brightest ages of the Church.—*Cath. Herald.*

Died at St Mary's Seminary in this city, on the 5th of November, Rev. James Hector Nicholas Joubert, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Mr. Joubert was born of a respectable family, on the 6th of September, 1777, at St. Jean d'Angely, in the western part of France. In 1801 he left his native country for St. Domingo, whence he embarked for Baltimore, where he arrived in the month of September, 1804. Shortly after, he entered St. Mary's seminary, where he passed the remainder of his life in the faithful discharge of various duties, as a professor and as vice-president of the college. His attention was also partly devoted to the holy ministry, which he zealously exercised. He was the founder, in 1828, of the institution known under the name of *Oblates*, or Sisters of Providence, the object of which is to train young females of color to the knowledge and practice of those duties and employments to which they may be called at a maturer age. To his watchful zeal and untiring efforts in promoting the interests of this institution, may be ascribed the rapid decline of his health, already considerably impaired by a chronic affection which had long baffled the resources of medical art. On the 1st of March, in the present year, the symptoms of his disease became more alarming; a dropsy ensued, and despite the skill of the most eminent physicians, combined with the most assiduous attentions of his friends, he soon fell into a state of exhaustion, which rendered his recovery hopeless, and after many weeks passed in almost momentary expectation of his final hour, he breathed his last amid the tears and prayers of his numerous friends who had gathered around him. It is unnecessary to add that his death was but the glorious close of a life which he had consecrated to the service of God and his neighbor. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: from henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, for their works follow them." (Apoc. xiv, 13.)

At Plaquemines, La., about the middle of October, Rev. Baron d'Aurange, who had exercised the sacred ministry in that place only for a few months. After twenty years' labor in France, he came to America to recruit his strength, but was soon carried to the grave by an attack of malignant fever.—*Propagateur Catholique.*

On the 5th of November, at the Female Orphan Asylum, Washington, D. C., Sister Claudia (Ringe) in the 24th year of her age.—*Catholic Herald.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Spirit of Blessed Alphonsus de Liguori; a selection from his shorter spiritual treatises. Translated by the Rev. James Jones; preceded by a memoir of the author. Baltimore: F. Lucas, Jr. 24mo. pp. 307.

The religious community are much indebted to Mr. Lucas for the publication of this delightful little volume, which, coming from the pen of so distinguished an author and so eminent a saint as Liguori, must at once commend itself to the attention and esteem of all Christians, but particularly of those who desire to sustain themselves in the practice of duty by the powerful influence of pious reading. In the volume before us, the reader will find some of the principal truths of Christian morality inculcated in a forcible and interesting manner, and above all with that spirit of unction which makes its way to the heart, and imparts to the style of a writer the twofold excellence of producing a deep impression upon the mind, and awakening a relish for the subjects which it considers. In addition to this general merit which the book possesses, it supplies in our opinion, a great desideratum, by treating of various matters which have not before been so well arranged for the advantage of the pious reader. The practice of meditation, the comforts of a soul in spiritual desolation, a compendium of rules for a Christian life, &c., are of this description, and will prove eminently interesting and instructive.

It may be observed that the wording of the title-page would be more correct and appropriate, if it announced the spirit of *St. Liguori*, instead of *Blessed Liguori*. This defect on the first two pages of the book may be easily removed in those copies which have not yet been bound. The work is handsomely printed and in a very convenient form. Upon the whole, it is one of the most valuable publications of a spiritual character that have been issued from the American press, for a long time.

History of the Reformation in England and Ireland, in a series of letters. By Wm. Cobbett. Philadelphia: M. Fithian. 12mo. pp. 339.

Though the reformation was very tragical in its consequences, its pretensions, as an improvement of religion, have justly been considered in the light of a comedy. Especially in England does this view of the subject present itself to the reader of history, and Cobbett, in his quaint, popular, matter-of-fact style, has invested it with a degree of interest, which it would not possess in a graver and more polished form. As he relates facts which the best historians confirm, his statements will always be received as authoritative. The present edition of his history is neatly printed, and offered at a very moderate price, circumstances which, in addition to its intrinsic worth, will no doubt insure it a ready and extensive circulation.

The Youth's Library, No. 8. Baltimore, F. Lucas, 18mo. pp. 168.

This very useful publication has now reached the eighth number, which surpasses in its mechanical beauty all that have preceded it. It is ornamented with a beautiful engraving and a very handsome extra title-page. The tales, which are full of instruction adapted to the comprehension of young persons, are *erdinanda or The Countess of Hennance;* and *The Glass of Water*. There could be nothing better adapted than this little volume as an appropriate present for children at the approaching season. We admire the Youth's Library so much that we regret exceedingly the loss of No. 7, on its way.

The American Almanac and Repository of useful Knowledge, for the year 1844. Boston, David H. Williams, 12mo. pp. 342.

This work has made its appearance with the usual amount of matter, embracing a chart of the United States, with a vast deal of meteorological information and the statistics of the country in great detail. What strikes us as commendable in this publication is its freedom from sectarian views. With regard to its accuracy, we shall merely observe, that *St. Philip's University*, mentioned on page 190, has not existed for the last two years. On page 194, the theological schools of the Catholic Church are not mentioned in the list of such establishments. They are included in a general way in the statistical account, p. 196, but it would be more satisfactory to place them in full under the proper heading.

The Following of Christ, in four books, translated from the original Latin, by the Rt. Rev. and Ven. Richard Challoner, D.D. V.A. To which are added Practical Reflections and a Prayer at the end of each chapter. Translated from the French, by Rev. Jas. Jones. First American edition. Balt. J. Murphy. 32mo. pp. 520.

We have seen the sheets of this edition of the Following of Christ, which will be issued in a

few days, and believe it to be the neatest, cheapest and most convenient publication of this excellent work, that has ever been issued from the Catholic press in this country. Price of the plainer copies, bound in cloth, 25 cents; of the ornamented copies, on fine paper, 50 cents to $2, according to the binding.

The Garland of Hops, translated from the French. Baltimore: John Murphy. 32mo. pp. 145.

This beautiful little book is the fifth number of the *Cabinet Library*, intended for the instruction and entertainment of children. It is not inferior to any of its predecessors.

Prascovia, or Filial Piety, a true story, from the French of Count X. de Maistre. Baltimore, J. Murphy; N. York, E. Dunigan, 32mo. pp. 140.

We are pleased to see this very interesting and instructive narrative, which has appeared in the columns of our Magazine, republished in a form which will better adapt it to the use of young persons. Books of this description cannot be too strongly recommended to the attention of parents. This interesting series, called the Cabinet Library, will furnish most useful and appropriate presents for children during the approaching holydays.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

THE present number of the Magazine closes the second volume of the work, and reminds us of the many obligations we are under to friends and patrons; to the former who have lightened our labors by their valuable contributions; and to the latter who have manifested a becoming interest in a work, destined to advocate and defend the cause of Catholicity, and to aid in the diffusion of a sound literature among the Catholic population of the United States. To all who have in any way favored the Magazine, we return our warmest acknowledgments, and we hope that their fostering assistance will be continued. We indulge this hope the more confidently, as the important objects of the publication, the defence of religion and the spread of useful knowledge, are acquiring an additional interest with the progress of events in this country and abroad, and require a well-sustained effort, on the part of those who are the friends of truth, to meet the exigencies of the times. So far as we are concerned, nothing shall be wanting to render our periodical a useful auxiliary in this great cause, and to invest it with still higher claims to a public regard. We have already stated, that several gentlemen distinguished for their talents, erudition and literary accomplishments, have pledged their assistance in supplying the columns of the Magazine, and under such auspices we confidently promise our subscribers a rare miscellany of instructive and entertaining matter in the forthcoming volume. By this arrangement also we shall be enabled to mould the character of our work something more into that of a *Review*, and impart to it a usefulness which is much to be desired, when we take into consideration the immense number of works that are issued from the press, and the nature and tendency of which can be ascertained by the vast majority of readers, only from the pages of a periodical review. According to the plan which we have marked out for ourselves, about one half of the contents of each number will consist of critical articles, and the remainder will be appropriated to the usual variety of matter, embracing a well-condensed summary of ecclesiastical intelligence and a notice of the latest publications.

By the typographical arrangements that have been adopted for the next volume of the Magazine, the quantity of matter in each number will be equivalent to seventy-two pages of the present form. The January number will be ornamented with a splendidly executed portrait of the illustrious Dr. Carroll, the first metropolitan of the United States. This engraving, which will be followed by others of equal merit and interest, will be accompanied by an historical outline, exhibiting the state of the church during Archbishop Carroll's administration, and presenting many novel and valuable incidents of that early period which have been gathered with considerable research from the manuscripts of the Metropolitan Library in Baltimore.

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the following excellent papers, which will appear without delay: *The True Catholic*, Nos. I and V, on the term *Catholic* and the *Catholicity of the Church; Brande's Encyclopedia*, a critical examination of the late American edition of this work, in a religious and scientific point of view: *Eusebius on the Theophania*, a glance at this production of the ecclesiastical historian, which was but recently brought to light by the researches of Rev. Mr. Tattam and translated by Dr. Lee, regius professor at Cambridge.

UNITED STATES

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SOCIETY FOR THE PAYMENT OF THE DEBT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

This Society met at Calvert Hall, on the first Wednesday of July, when the following contributions were received for that month.

EDWARD BOYLE,		$2 00
HUGH BRADY,	$1 00	
Michael Boyle,	1 00—	2 00
MARY BURKE,	75	
Adeline Pitt,	25	
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REV. H. B COSKERY, from *		
Mrs Bridget Keenan,	2 00	
Miss Chautier,	5 00	
Priscilla Addison,	1 75	
Mrs. John M'Faul,	1 00—	9 75
A. H. DUROCHER,		2 00
REV. JAMES DOLAN,		2 00
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JOSEPH E. ELDER, 2 months,		4 00
CHARLES D ELDER,		2 00
BASIL T. ELDER,	1 00	
Mrs. E. Baldwin,	1 00—	2 00
M. T. FITZGERALD,		2 00
THOMAS J. HILLEN,	1 00	
Solomon Hillen,	1 00—	2 00
JOHN HAYES,	1 50	
Francis X. King,	50—	2 00
OUTERBRIDGE HORSEY,	1 50	
George R. Carroll,	50—	2 00
M. COURTNEY JENKINS,	1 00	
Miss Mary McDonald,	12	
O. S. Jenkins,	3 50	
Joseph Victory,	50	
Richard McConn,	1 00	
Henry Bogue,	50	
James Welch,	50	
Thos. M'Kenna,	50	
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No deduction will be made for a pupil withdrawn before the expiration of the quarter, except for cogent reasons.

GENERAL REGULATIONS.

All the Young Ladies in the institution are required to conform to the public worship of the house, but no influence is exercised over their religious principles.

A semi-annual report of the conduct, proficiency, and health of the children will be sent to their parents or guardians.

In order to avoid interruption in the classes, visits are confined to Wednesdays, and can only be made to pupils by their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and such others as are *formally* authorized by the parents.

There will be an annual vacation of four weeks, which the pupils may spend with their parents or in the institution.

No boarder will be received for a shorter time than six months.

No particular dress is required for every day, but on Sundays and Wednesdays, in summer, the young ladies dress in pink. In winter the uniform is green merino. On entering, every one must bring, besides the uniform, one white dress, six changes of linen, six pairs of stockings, six pocket handkerchiefs, four capes, six napkins, four towels, two pairs of sheets, three blankets, a cloak, four petticoats, or under dresses, three night-wrappers, four night caps, a white and a black veil, a sun-bonnet, a silver cup, spoon, knife and fork, a work-box, combs, brushes, &c.

All letters directed to the pupils must be post-paid.

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MR & MRS. SPALDING,	1 00	
Mrs. Dawson,	1 00	
Mrs. Eichelberger,	50	
Mrs. Rober,	50	
Mrs. Victory,	50	
Mrs. Kelly,	50	
Mrs. McConn,	50	
Mr Lawn,	25	
Mrs. Murray,	25—	5 00
MISS H. A. SPALDING,	1 00	
Mrs. M. L. Ford,	1 00	
Miss E. M. Jenkins,	1 00—	3 00
CHARLES SORAN,		
Mr. & Mrs. Timothy Donovan,	2 00	
W. H. TIERNAN,		10 00
P. TIERNAN,		2 00
P. H. TRACY,		4 00
CHS. A. WILLIAMSON,		2 00
MRS. J. WILLIAMSON, Oct. & Nov.		4 00
GEORGE WEBB,	66	
Thomas H. Parsons,	66	
A. H. Jenkins,	68—	2 00
DR. WARREN,	1 00	
Edward J. Sanders,	1 00—	2 00
JOHN WHITE,	1 00	
Misses White,	50	
D. O'Keefe,	50	
Misses Servary, Oct. & Nov.	2 00—	4 00
Total,		$219 37

THE FOLLOWING NAMES WERE OMITTED LAST MONTH.

EDWARD BOYLE,		2 00	MRS. WM. KENNEDY, 2 00
DR. F. M. CHATARD,		2 00	MRS. MARY McMULLEN, 2 00
DR. P. & MRS. CHATARD,		2 00	FRANCIS NEALE, 2 00
A. H. DUROCHER,		2 00	HENRY PIKE, 2 00
LORENZO & MRS. DORSEY,		2 00	T. PARKIN SCOTT, 2 00
JOSEPH ELDER,		4 00	MISS H. SPALDING, 3 00
THOS. I. HILLEN,		2 00	MRS. JULIANNA M. SCOTT, 2 00
THOS. R. C. JENKINS,		2 00	VICTOR SIRATA, 4 00
JAMES W. JENKINS,		2 00	CHAS. A. & MRS. WILLIAMSON, 2 00
THOS. C. JENKINS,		2 00	GEORGE W. WEBB, 2 00
AUSTIN, ALFRED & ED. JENKINS,		3 00	Total, 55 00
JOS. W. JENKINS,		2 00	Total for November, 219 37
T. KELLY,		2 00	Grand Total, $274 37
WM. KENNEDY,		2 00	

TRACT, No. 35.

ON THE STATE OF DEPARTED SOULS,

An excellent Tract, written by the late Bishop Baines. This, with most of the preceding tracts published by the Catholic Tract Society of Baltimore can be obtained by applying to the sexton of St. Vincent de Paul's church, or at Murphy's and Lucas' bookstores. They will be furnished to clergymen or others, for gratuitous distribution, at 75 cents per hundred. The Catholic papers will please copy the above.

CATHEDRAL PUBLIC SCHOOL,

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The exercises of this school will commence on MONDAY, the 4th of September.

The course of studies will comprise the following branches: Spelling, Reading, English Grammar, Writing, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book Keeping, Mensuration, Practical Geometry, History, and English Composition.

Competent teachers have been employed to conduct the school.

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This institution unites, in its plan of education, every advantage that can be derived from a punctual and conscientious care bestowed on the pupils in every branch of science suitable to their sex. The most uninterrupted attention is given to form the manners and principles of the young ladies, and to train them up to habits of order, neatness, and industry.

The diet is good, wholesome, and abundant. The spacious grounds attached to the convent will afford the pupils the facility of pleasant walks and healthful exercise. The health of the pupils is the object of constant solicitude. In sickness they are affectionately attended, and never are they left a moment beyond the reach of inspection.

The branches taught in the Institution are the following: READING, WRITING, ENG. GRAMMAR, ARITHMETIC, ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY, CHRONOLOGY, MYTHOLOGY, POLITE LITERATURE, GEOGRAPHY, USE OF THE GLOBES, ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, PLAIN AND FANCY NEEDLE WORK, EMBROIDERY, MARKING, LACE WORK, &c.

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TERMS.—Board and Tuition, $100 per annum, payable semi-annually, and always in advance.

Postage, Books, Stationery, Doctor's Fees, and Washing, $12, are charged to parents. Every pupil must pay $5 at entrance, for the use of the bed and writing desk.

Music, Drawing, Painting, &c. will form extra charges.

No deduction will be made for a pupil withdrawn before the expiration of the quarter, except for cogent reasons.

GENERAL REGULATIONS.

All the Young Ladies in the institution are required to conform to the public worship of the house, but no influence is exercised over their religious principles.

A semi-annual report of the conduct, proficiency, and health of the children will be sent to their parents or guardians.

In order to avoid interruption in the classes, visits are confined to Wednesdays, and can only be made to pupils by their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and such others as are *formally* authorized by the parents.

There will be an annual vacation of four weeks, which the pupils may spend with their parents or in the institution.

No boarder will be received for a shorter time than six months.

No particular dress is required for every day, but on Sundays and Wednesdays, in summer, the young ladies dress in pink. In winter the uniform is green merino. On entering, every one must bring, besides the uniform, one white dress, six changes of linen, six pairs of stockings, six pocket handkerchiefs, four capes, six napkins, four towels, two pairs of sheets, three blankets, a cloak, four petticoats, or under dresses, three night-wrappers, four night-caps, a white and a black veil, a sun-bonnet, a silver cup, spoon, and fork, a work-box, combs, brushes, &c.

All letters directed to the pupils must be post-paid.

There is a stage route from Baltimore to Hanover, which is within two miles of the convent.

At Philadelphia the rail road may be taken to Little York, and there the stage to Hanover, where a conveyance to the convent may readily be found.

In McSherry's Town there is a good Hotel for the accommodation of strangers.

T. ADELINE BOILVIN, *Sup'r.*

THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART, McSherry's town, Adams county, Pa., respectfully inform the public that the SCHOOL FOR BOYS will be RE-OPENED on the 4th of September. Should parents wish to place their children as boarders, Mrs. Sullivan, whose residence is near the Institution, would take them as such at one dollar per week, washing and fuel included. An extra charge of three dollars a year for the bedding, will be required. Nothing but the tuition will be paid to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, which will amount to THREE DOLLARS per quarter. For admission address "Superior Sacred Heart Academy."

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